THE Young KING: OR, THE MISTAKE.

As it is Acted at the

DUKE'S Theatre.

Written by Mrs. *A. Behn.*

LONDON:
Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Lute* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and sold by *Percival Gilborne*, at the *Harrow*, at the corner of *Chancery-Lane*, and *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Cross-Keys* in St. *Martins-Lane*, near *Long-Acre*. MDCXCVIII.

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To Philaſter.

'TIS the glory of the Great and Good to be the Refuge of the Diſtreſs'd; their Virtues create 'em troubles; and he that has the God like Talent to oblige, is never free from Impunity, you, *Philaſter*, have a Thouſand ways merited my Eſteem and Veneration; and I beg you wou'd now permit the effects of it, which cou'd not forbear, though unpermitted, to dedicate this youthful ſally of my Pen, this firſt Eſſay of my Infant-Poetry to your Self: 'Tis a Virgin-Muſe, harmleſs and unadorn'd, unpractis'd in the Arts to pleaſe; and if by chance you find any thing agreeable, 'tis natural and unskill'd Innocence. Three thouſand Leagues of ſpacious Ocean ſhe has meaſured, viſited many and diſtant Shores, and found a welcome every where; but in all that vaſt tract of Sea and Land cou'd never meet with one whoſe Perſon and Merits cou'd oblige her to yield her ungarded ſelf into his protection: A thouſand Charms of Wit, good Nature, and Beauty at firſt approach ſhe found in *Philaſter*; and ſince ſhe knew ſhe cou'd not appear upon the too-critical Engliſh Stage without making choice of ſome Noble Patronage, ſhe waited long, look'd round the judging World, and fix't on you. She fear'd the reproach of being an *American*, whoſe Country rarely produces Beauties of this kind: The Muſes ſeldom inhabit there; or if they do, they viſit and away; but for variety a Dowdy Laſs may pleaſe: Her youth too ſhould attone for all her faults beſides; and her being a Stranger will beget civility, and you that are by nature kind and generous, tender and ſoft to all that's new and gay, will not, I hope refuſe her the Sanctuary I am ſo ſenſible ſhe will have need of in this looſe Age of Cenſure. You have goodneſs enough to excuſe all her weakneſſes, and Wit enough to defend 'em; and that's ſufficient to render her Eſtimable to all the World that knows the generous and excellent *Philaſter*; whilſt this occaſion to celebrate you under this Name, is both a Pleaſure and and an Honour to.

ASTERA.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE.

Beauty, like Wit, can only charm when new;
Is there no merit then in being true?
Wit rather ſhou'd an eſtimation hold
With Wine, which is ſtill beſt for being old.
Judgment in both, with vaſt expence and thought,
You from their native ſoil, from Paris *brought,*
The drops that from that Sacred Sodom fall,
You like induſtrious Spiders ſuck up all.
Well might the French a Conqueſt here deſign,
Were but their Swords as dangerous as their Wine.
Their Education yet is worſe than both;
They make our Virgins Nuns, unman our Youth.
We that don't know 'em, think 'em Monſters too;
And will, becauſe we judge of them by you.
You'll ſay, this once was ſo, but now you're grown
So wiſe t'invent new Follies of your own:
Their ſlaviſh imitations you diſdain;
A Pox of Fops that purchaſe fame with pain:
You're no ſuch Fools as firſt to mount a Wall,
Or for your King and Country venture all.
With ſuch like grinning honour 'twas, perchance,
Your dull Forefathers firſt did conquer France:
Whilſt they have ſent us in revenge for theſe,
Their Women, Wine, Religion, and Diſeaſe.
Yet for Religion, its not much will down,
In this ungirt, unbleſt, and mutinous Town.
Nay, I dare ſwear, not one of you in Seven,
E're had the impudence to hope for Heaven.
In this your modeſt——
But as to Wit, moſt aim before their time;
And he that cannot ſpell, ſets up for Rhime:
They're Sparks who are of noiſe and nonſence full,
At Fifteen witty and at Twenty dull;
That in the Pit can huff, and talk hard words,
And briskly draw Bamboo inſtead of Swords:
But never yet Rancounter cou'd compare
To our late vigorous Tartarian *War:*
Cudgel the Weapon was, the Pit the Field;
Fierce was the Heroe, and to brave to yield.
But ſtouteſt hearts muſt bow; and being well can'd
He crys, Hold, hold, you have the victory gain'd.
All laughing call——
Turn out the Raſcal, the eternal Blockhead.
——Sounds, cry Tartarian, *I am out of Pocket:*
Half Crown my Play, Six pence my Orange coſt;
Equip me that, do you the conqueſt boaſt.
For which to be at eaſe, a gathering's made,
And out they turn the Brother of the blade.
—This is the fruits of Idleneſs and eaſe.
Heaven bleſs the King that keeps the Land in peace,
Or he'll be ſweetly ſerv'd by ſuch as theſe.

Actors

ACTORS NAMES.

DACIANS.

of *Dacia.*

Queen	Her Son, kept from his Infancy in a Caſtle on a
Orſames	Lake, ignorant of his quality, and of all the World beſides; never having ſeen any Human thing ſave only his old Tutor.
Cleomena	His Siſter, bred up in War, and deſign'd to reign inſtead of *Orſames*: the Oracle having foretold the bloody Cruelties ſhould be committed during his ſhort Reign, if ever ſuffered to wear the Crown.
Honorius	General of the Army, and Uncle to *Orſames* and *Cleomena.*
Olympia	His Daughter, young and beautiful.
Iſmenis and *Artabazes*	Two Rival Princes in love with *Cleomena.*
Pimante	A Fop-Courtier.
Arates	A Courtier.
Semiris	Woman to *Cleomena.*
Vallentio	A Colonel of the Army.
	Pages and Attendants.

SCYTHIANS.

of *Scythia.*

King	
Thurſander	His Son, under the name of *Clemanthis*, when on the *Dacian* ſide.
Amintas	A young Nobleman, belov'd by *Therſander*, and Lover of *Urania.*
Lyſander	Page to *Thurſander.*
Urania	In love with *Amintas.*
Lyces	A Shepherdeſs.
	Soldiers, Shepherds, Sheperdeſſes, and all a Rabble of the Mobile.

SCENE, the Court of *Daca*, between the two Armies juſt before the Town.

THE

THE Young KING. OR, The Mistake.

ACT The First.

SCENE The First. *A Grove near the Camp.*

Enter Primate *alone with Letters.*

Pim. GOne! well, I have never the ill luck, I thank my Stars, to meet with any of these mighty men of Valour. —— ——*Vallentio*, Noble Colonel!

Enter Vallentio.

Vall. Pimante! Whe, what the Devil brought thee to the Camp.

Pim. Affairs, affairs——

Vall. They must be wondrous pressing that made thee venture; but the Fighting's past, and all the Noise over, every man of Fame gone to receive what's due to his Merit; and the whole Camp looks now like a City in a great Plague, no stirring— But what's thy business here?

Pim. Why, I brought Letters from the Queen to that same mighty man of Prowess—— why d'ye call him?

Vall. The brave *Clemanthis?*

Pim. The same— But Colonel, is he indeed so very terrible a thing as Fame gives out —— but he was ever a notable Wag at History.

Vall. How dare thy Coward-thoughts venture upon any thing so terrible as the remembrance of that Gallant man? Is not his Name like Thunder to thy Ears? Does it make the shrink into thy self?

Pim.

Pim. Lord, Colonel, why so hot? 'tis the curstest thing in the world to be thus continually us'd to fighting; why how uncivil it renders a man? I speak by way of Question.

Vall. Oh! how soft and wanton I could grow in the Description I could make of him.——

He merits all in Peace as well as War:
Compos'd of Charms would take all Womankind,
As those of s Valour overcome the Men.

Pim. Well said i'faith, Colonel; but if he be so fine a man, why did you not keep him here amongst you to do Execution on the *Scythians*? for I think e're long you'll give 'em Battle.

Vall. The General--whose noble Life he sav'd,
Us'd all his interest with him, but in vain:
He neither cou'd oblige his stay i'th' Camp,
Nor get him to the Court: oh! were his quality
But like his Actions great, he were a man
To merit *Cleomena*,
Whose Worth and Beauty, as a thing Divine,
I reverence:
But I abhor the feble Reign of Women;
It foretells the downfal of the noblst Trade—War:
Give me a man to lead me on to Dangers,
Such as *Clemanthis* is, or as *Orsames* might have been.

Pim. Colonel, 'tis Treason but to name *Orsames*, much more to wish he were as King.

Vall. Not wish he were! by all those Gods I will,
Who did conspire 'gainst him in their Oracles.
Not wish him King! yes, and may live to see it.

Pim. What should we do with such a King? The Gods foretel he shall be fierce and bloody, a Ravisher, a Tyrant o're his People; his Reign but short, and so unfit for Reign.

Vall. The Gods! I'll not trust 'em for a days Pay —— let them but give one a taste of his Reign, thoug but for an hour, and I'll be converted to them.

Pim. Besides, he is very ill bred for a King; he knows nothing of a world, cannot dress himself, not sing, nor dance, or play on any Musick; ne'er saw a Woman, nor knows how to make use of one if he had her. There's an old fusty Phylosopher that instructs him; but 'tis in nothing ever that shall make a fine Gentleman of him: He teaches him a deal of Awe and Reverence to the Gods; and tells him that his natural Reason's sin — But, Colonel, between you and I, he'll no more of that Philosophy, but grows as sullen as if you had the breeding of here him i'th' Camp.

Vall. Thou tell'st me heavenly news; a King, a King again! oh for a mutinous Rabble that would break the Prison-walls and set *Orsames* free, both from his Fetters and his Ignorance.

Pim. There is a discourse at Court, that the Queen designs to bring him out, and try how he would behave himself: but I'm none of that Councel, she's like

to

o make a fine Court on't; we have enough in the *Virago* he Daughter, who, if it were not for her Beauty, one would swear were no Woman, she's so given to noise nd fighting.

Vall. I never saw her since she was a Child, and then she naturally hated *Scythia.*

Pim. Nay, she's in that mind still: and the superstitious Queen, who thinks that Crown belongs to *Cleomena* ———

Vall. Yes, that was the promise of the Oracle too.

Pim. Breeds her more like a General than a Woman: Ah how she loves fine Arms! a Bow, a Quiver; and though she be no natural *Amazon*, she's capable of all their Martial Fopperies.

—But hark; what noise is that? [*Song within.*

Vall. 'Tis what we do not use to hear.——Stand by.

SONG.

1.

Damon, *I cannot blame your will,*
'Twas Chance and not Design did kill;
For whilst you did prepare your Arms
On purpose Celia *to subdue,*
I met the Arrows as they flew,
And sav'd her from their harms.

2.

Alas, she could not makes returns,
Who for a Swain already burns:
A Shepherd who does her caress
Whith all the softest marks of Love,
And 'tis vain thou seekst to move,
The cruel Shepherdess.

3.

Content thee with this Victory,
I am young and beautiful as she;
I'll make thee Garlands all the day,
And in the shades we'll sit and sing.
I'll crown thee with the pride o'th' Spring
When thou art Lord o'th' May.

Enter Urania, *dress gay* —— Lyces *a Shepherdess.*

Ly. Still as I sing you sigh.

Uran. I cannot hear thy Voce, and the returns
The Ecchoes of these shady Groves repeat,
But I must find some softness at my Heart:

—Wou'd

— Wou'd I had never known another dwelling,
But this too happy one where thou wert born. [*Sighs.*

Ly. You sigh again: such things become none but unhappy maids that are forsaken; your beauty is too great to suffer that.

Vran. No Beauty's proof against false perjur'd man.

Ly. Is't possible you can have lost your Love?

Vra. Yes, prety Maid, canst tell me any tydings of him?

Ly. I cannot tell, by what marks do you know him?

Vr. Why by these: — A tempting Face and shape:
A Tongue bewitching, soft, and Breath as sweet
As is the welcome Breeze that does restore
Life to man half kill'd with heat before:
But has a heart as false as Seas in Calms,
Smiles first to tempt, then ruins with its Storms.

Ly. Oh fair *Vrania*! there are many more
So like your Love, if such a one he be,
That you wou'd take each Shepherd to be he:
'Tis grown the fashion now to be forsworen;
Oaths are like Garlands made of finest Flowers,
Wither as soon as finish'd;
They change their Loves as often as their Scrips,
And lay their Mistresses a side like Ribbons
Which they themselves have sullied.

Pim. Gad I'll venture in———

Vall. Fair Women, and so near the Camp!
What are ye, and from whence?

Pim. Ha! 'tis no matter for that; ask no Questions, but fall to. [*Goes to* Lyces

Vra. I'm not asham'd to tell the one or 'tother;
I am a Maid, and one of the gentle Birth,
A *Scythian* born, an Enemy to thee,
Not as thou art a Man, but Friend to *Dacia*.

Vall. What sin have I committed, that so fair a Creature should become my Enemy? but since you are so, you must be my Prisoner, unless your Eyes prevent me, and make me yours.

Pim. How, take a Woman Prisoner! I hope you are a finer Gentleman than so.

Vall. But Madam, do not fear, for I will use you
As well as such a man as I can do.

Vra. Though thou be'st rough, thou hast a Noble look,
And I believe my treatment will be gentle.

Vall. Fair Maid, this confidence is brave in thee;
And though I am not us'd to make returns
Unless in Thunder on my Enemies,
Yet name the way, and I will strive to serve you.

Vra. Then, Sir, I beg not you would set me free,
Nor yet retain me here a Prisoner;
But as thou'rt brave, conduct me to the Castle on the Lake,

Where young *Amintas* lies, the ſpoil of War.
Vall. Amintas, Madam, is a gallant Youth,
And merits more from fortune than his Chains;
But I could wiſh (ſince I have vow'd to ſerve you.)
You would command me ſomething
Worthy your Beauty and of that Reſolution.
Ura. There is no other way to do me ſervice.
Vall. Then moſt willingly I will obey you.
Ura. But, Sir, I beg this Virgin may depart,
Being a *Dacian*, and a neighbouring Villager.
Vall. All your Commands ſhall ſtrictly be obey'd.
Pim. Pox on her, ſhe's coy, and let her go: Well Colonel
I doubt you'l be for the Queen by and by.
Ura. Here—take this Jewel as a part of payment
For all thy goodneſs to an unknown Maid. *To* Lyces.
And if by chance I ever ſee thee more,
Believe me, *Lyces*, I will quit the ſcore. [*Exit* Lyces *weeping*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Second. *A Grove of Trees.*

Within the Scene lies Therſander *ſleeping, his Cap and Feather at a diſtance from him.*

Enter Cleomena *dreſt like an* Amazon, *with a Bow in her hand, and a Quiver of Arrows at her back, with* Semiris *attired like her.*

Cleo. I'm almoſt tir'd with holding out the chaſe.
Sem. That's ſtrange! methought your Highneſs followed not ſo faſt to day as I have ſeen you herefore.
Cleo. I do not uſe to leave the Game unvanquiſh'd,
Yet now by what ſtrange inclination led
I know not,
The ſport growing dull, I wiſh to meet a place.
Far from the noiſe and buſineſs of the day:
Haſt thou ti'd faſt my Horſes?
Sem. Madam, I have.
Cleo. What place is this, *Semiris*?
Sem. I know not, Madam, but 'tis wondrous pleaſant!
Cleo. How much more charming are the works of Nature.
Than the productions of laborious art!
Securely here the wearied Shepherd ſleeps,
Guiltleſs of any fear, but the diſdain
His cruel Fair procures him;

How

How many Tales the Echoes of these Woods
Cou'd tell of Lovers if they wou'd betray,
That steal delightful hours beneath their Shades!
Sem. You'd rather hear 'em eccho back the sound,
Of horns and Dogs, or the fierce noise of War.
Cleo. You charge me with the faults of Education,
That cozening form that veils the face of Nature,
But does not see what's hid within, *Semiris*:
I have an Heart all-soft as thine, all Woman,
Apt to melt down at every tender object:
— Oh *Semeris*! there's a strange change within me.
Sem. How, Madam!
Cleo. I would thou knew'st it;
Till now I durst do any thing — but fear,
Yet now I tremble with the thoughts of telling thee
What none but thou must know — I am in love.
Sem. Why do you blush my Princess, 'tis no sin;
But, Madam, who's the happy glorious object?
Cleo. Why? canst thou not guess then?
Sem. How is it possible I should?
Cleo. Oh Gods! not guess the man,
Or, rather think some God! Dull stupid Maid,
Hast thou not heard of something more than mortal?
'Twixt Humane and Divine! our Countries Genius,
Our young God of War! not heard of him!
Sem. 'Tis not Prince *Artabaces*, or *Ismenes*?
Cleo. Away, thou anger'st me.
Sem. Pardon me, Madam,
It can be none at Court, if none of these?
And all besides are much below that glory?
Cleo. What call'st thou much below mistaken, thing;
Can a gay name give Virtue, Wit, or Beauty?
Can it gain Conquest, or in Fields or Courts?
No nor defend its own fantastick owner.
— Come guess again.
Sem. I can guess no further than a man, and that I'm sure he is.
Cleo. I know not———
For yet I never saw him, but in's Character,
Unless sometimes in Dreams.
Sem. Is't not enough he conquers where he comes,
But that his Fame prevents his Sword and Eyes?
Perhaps his person may not be agreeable;
The best in Camps are not the best in Courts.
Cleo. So brave a mind must have as brave an out-side.
My Uncles Letters from the Camp contain
Nothing, but wonders of his worth and valour,

And 'tis impossible but such a man
Must merit Love as well as admiration.
Sem. Does he not come to Court?
Cleo. The Queen has made him many invitations;
But he, for some unknown, and cruel cause.
Humbly implores her pardon for refusing,
Nor can the General learn his quality.
But like his deeds, believes it must be great.
Sem. 'Tis most likely; but I should never fall in love with Fame alone.
Cleo. I hope it is not Love——— but strange Curiosity
To see this brave Unknown —— And yet I fear———
I've hid this new impatience of my Soul,
Even from thee, till it grew too importunate;
And strove by all my lov'd divertisements
To chase it from my Bosom, but in vain!
'Tis too great for little sports to conquer,
The Musick of the Dogs displeas'd to day,
And I was willing to retire with thee,
To let thee know my story:
And this lone shade, as if design'd for Love,
Is fittest to be conscious of my crime:
—— Therefore go seek a Bank where we may sit,
And I will sigh whilst thou shalt pity me. [*Stands with her Arms across.*
Sem. See, Madam, what I've found! [Sem. *looks about, finds the Cap and Feathers.*
Cleo. 'Tis a fine Plume, and well adorn'd,
And must belong to no uncommon man:
——And look, *Semiris*, where its owner lies———
——Ha! he sleeps, tread softly least you wake him:
—— Oh Gods! who's this with so divine a Shape?
Sem. His Shape is very well.
Cleo. Gently remove the Hair from off his face, [Sem. *puts back his hair.*
And see if that will answer to the rest:
—All lovely! all surprizing! oh my heart,
How thou betrayest the weakness of our Sex!
—— Look on that face where Love and Beauty dwells——
And though his Eyes be shut, tell me, *Semiris*,
Has he not wonderous Charms?
Sem. Yes, Madam; and I wou'd excuse you if you shou'd now fall in love, here's substance; but that same Passion for Fame alone, I do not like.
Cleo. Ah do not call my blushes to my face,
But pardon all my weakness:
May not my Eyes have leave to gaze a while?
Since after this there's not another object
Can merit their attention———
—— But I'll no longer view that pleasing form—— [*Turns from him.*
—— And yet I've lost all power of removing——— [*Turns and gazes.*

Even

Even now I was in love with meer Report,
With Words, with empty Noise;
And now that flame, like to the breath that blew it,
Is vanish'd into Air, and in its room
An Object quite unknown, unfam'd, unheard of
Informs my Soul: how easily 'tis conquered!
How angry am I with my destiny!
Till now, with much disdain I have beheld ———
The rest of all his Sex, and shall I here
Resign a Heart to one I must not love!
Must this be he must kill the King of *Scythia*?
For I must lay no claim to any other:
Grant, Oh ye Gods, who play with motals thus,
That him for whom ye have design'd your Slave
May look like this Unknown,
And I'll be ever grateful for the bounty;
—But these are vain imaginary Joys. [Therſander *wakes, rises, and gazes.*
Therſ. —— Am I awake, or do my Dreams present me
Idea's much more bright and conquering
Than e're approach my waking sense by far?
——— Sure 'tis *Diana*, the Goddess of these Woods,
That beauty and that dress confirm me 'tis; [*Kneels.*
—-Great Goddess, pardon an unlucky Stranger,
The errours he commits 'gainst your Divinity,
Who, had he known this Grove had Sacred been,
He wou'd not have prophan'd it by his presence.
Cleo. Rise; Sir, I am no Deity,
Or if I were, I cou'd not be offended. [*Rises.*
To meet so brave a Man ——— Gods, how he looks!
Therſ. Can you be mortal!
What happy Land contains you? or what Men
Are worthy to adore you?
Cleo. I find you are a stranger to this place,
You else had known me to be *Cleomena*.
Therſ. The Princess *Cleomena*! my mortal Enemy! [*aside.*
Cleo. You seem displeas'd at the knowledge of my name?
But, give me leave to tell you, yours on me
Wou'd have another sense.
Therſ. The knowledge of your Name has not displeas'd me; [*Kneels.*
But, Madam, I had sooner took you for
The Sovereign of the world than that of *Dacia*;
Nor ought you to expect less Adoration
From all that world, than those who are born your Slaves;
——— And amongst those devout ones number him
Whose happy Fate conducted to your Feet,
And who'll esteem himself more fortunate,

If by that little service he had rendred you,
Clemanthis Name have ever reach'd your Ear.
Cleo. Clemanthis! what cou'd the Gods do more, [*Aside.*
To make me ever bless'd!——Rise noble Youth—— [*Raises him.*
Cou'dst thou salute me Mistress of the world,
Or bring me news of Conquest over *Scythia*,
It won'd not reach so kindly to my Soul,
As that admir'd illustrious name of thine.
This Crown's in debt to your all-conquering Sword;
And I'm the most oblig'd to make Returns,
Which if you knew me, sure you would not doubt,
If to those Favours you've already done us,
You'll add one more, and go with me to Court.
Therf. To th' Court! to th' utmost bounds of all the Universe.
At your command, through dangers worse than Death,
I'd flie with hasty Joy ——
Like Gods, do but decree, and be obey'd.
Sem. Madam, the Company we left are coming this way, and with them Prince *Honorius*.
Therf. The General here so soon! [*Aside.*

Enter Honorius, Ismenes, *Women and Huntsmen.*

Cleo. Welcome, victorious Uncle. [Hon. *Kisses* Cleo's *hand.*
Hon. Madam, I heard the noise of Horns and Dogs,
And thought your Highness was abroad to day;
Following the cry, it brought me to this Company
Who were in search of you, and 'twas my duty to attend them,
——My gallant Friend *Clemanthis* here!
This was above my hopes: let me embrace thee,——
And tell thee with what Joy I find thee in the presence
Of my fair Niece, who must prevail upon you
To wait on her to Court; what I cou'd not intreat let her command.
Therf. Where Duty and my Inclination leads me,
There needs no invitation.
Cleo. Already, Uncle, he has promis'd it.
Ism. Sir, is this the man to whom all *Dacia* is so much oblig'd?
Hon. This is that gallant man whose single valour
Has gain'd the Victory over the *Nomades*,
Who kill'd their King, and scatter'd all their Forces;
And when my feeble strength (which Age and Wars
Had made unfit for mighty Toils) grew faint,
He, like *Æneas*, bore my aged Limbs
Through all the Fiery dangers of the Battle.
Therf. Too much you've said to my advantage, Sir,
Robbing the Gods and Fortune of their glory.
Ism. Rank me amongst your Captives; for I find
Whether you fight, or not, you must be Victor. [*Embraces* Therf.

Enter

Enter Vallentio, Urina, Pimante; Vall. *kneels, and delivers* Urania *to the Princess.*

Cleo. What new encounter's this?

Vall. I need not ask where I shall pay my duty;
My wonder will direct me to your feet.

Cleo. Who knows the man that makes me such a present?

Hon. Madam, he is an Officer of mine,
A worthy gallant fellow;
But one that hardly knows what Cities are,
But as h'as view'd 'em through their batter'd Walls,
And after Joyn'd 'em to your Territories.

Cleo. Rise, high in her esteem that loves a Soldier. [*He rises.*

Vall. I need say nothing for my Prisoner, Madam,
Whose looks will recommend her: only this,
It was against my will I made her so,
Who ne'er refus'd, till then, to take your Enemies.

Therf. It is *Urania*, she'll know me, and betray me. [*Aside.*

Cleo. Say, lovely Maid, whom, and from whence thou art?

Ura. A *Scythian*, Madam, and till now your Foe.

Pim. Aye, Madam, we took her, wa took her.

Cleo. So fair an one must merit my esteem:
I hope there are not many such fine Creatures
Brought into th' Camp against us; if there be,
The *Scythians* cannot doubt of Victory.
—Thy name and business here?

Ura. Urania, Madam ———
My story were too tedious for your Ear,
Nor were it fit I should relate it here.
—But 'tis not as an Enemy I come,
'Tis rather, Madam, to receive my doom;
Nor am I by the chance of War betray'd,
But 'tis a willing Captive I am made:
Your Pity, not your Anger I shall move,
When I confess my fault is only Love:
Love to a Youth who never knew till now
How to submit, nor cou'd to ought but you:
—His Liberty for Ransom you deny;
I dare not say that this is cruelty,
Since yet you may be pleas'd to give me leave
To die with him, with whom I must not live.

Therf. Excellent Maid! what generosity her Love has taught her! [*Aside.*

Cleo. That you esteem me cruel, is unkind,
But faults of Lovers must forgiveness find:
Amintas Chains had far more easie been,
Had he been less a Favourite to his King;
—But you, *Urania*, may perhaps redeem
That Captive which I would not render them.

Ura.

Ura. Madam, this bounty would exceed belief,
But you too generous are to mock my grief:
And when you shall m' unhappy story learn,
'Twill justifie my Tears, and your concern.
Cleo. I need no Arguments for what I do,
But that I will, and then it must be so.
Ura. The Prince of *Scythia* in the Camp of *Dacia*!
If I could be mistaken in that form,
I'd hate my Eyes for thus deluding me:
But Heaven made nothing but *Amintas* like him. [*Aside.*
Cleo. Come, let's to Court, by this the Queen expects us;
—You my fair Prisoner must along with me: [*Takes her hand.*
—Thy hand, *Clemanthis*, too—Now tell me, Uncle, [*Takes him with the other hand.*
—What *Scythian* that beholds me thus attended,
Would not repine at my felicity,
Having so brave a Friend, so fair a Enemy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT, the Second.

SCENE the First. *A Castle or Prison on the Sea.*

After a little playing on the Lute——

Enter Orsames *with his Arms across, looking melancholy, followed by* Geron *with a Lute in his hand.*

Ors. I Do not like this Musick;
It pleases me at first,
But every touch thou giv'st that's soft and low
Makes such Impressions here,
As puzzles me beyond Philosophy
To find the meaning of;
Begets strange notions of I know not what,
And leaves a new and unknown thought behind it,
That does disturb my quietness within.
Ger. You were not wont to think so.
Ors. 'Tis true——
But since with time grows ripe and vigorous,
And will be active, though but ill employ'd.
—— *Geron*, thou'st often told me.
That this same admirable frame of Nature,

This order and his harmony of things,
Was worthy admiration,
——— And yet thou sayst all men are like to us
Poor, insignificant Philosophers.
I, to my self could an Idea frame
Of man, in much more excellence.
Had I been Nature, I had varied still,
And made such different characters of men,
They should have bow'd and made a God of me,
Ador'd, and thank'd me for their great Creation:
—Now, tell me, who's indebted to her bounties?
Whose needless Blessings we despise, not praise.
Ger. Why, what wou'd you have done, had you been Nature?
Orf. Some men I wou'd have made with mighty Souls,
With thoughts unlimited by Heaven or Man;
I wou'd have made 'em—as—thou paint'st the Gods.
Ger. What to have done?
Orf. To have had dominion o'er the lesser world,
A sort of men with low submissive Souls,
That barely should content themselves with Life,
And should have had the infirmities of men,
As fear, and awe, as thou hast of the Gods;
And those I wou'd have made as numberless
As Curls upon the face of yonder Sea,
Of which each blast drives Millions to the Shoar,
Which vanishing make room for Millions more.
Ger. But what if these, so numerous, though so humble,
Refuse obedience to the mighty few?
Orf. I would destroy them, and create anew.
—Hast not observ'd the Sea?
Where every wave that hastens to the bank,
Though in its angry course it overtake a thousand petty ones,
How unconcern'd 'twill triumph o'er their ruin,
And make an easie passage to the Shore,——
Ger. Which in its proud career 'twill roughly kiss,
And then 'twill break to nothing.
Orf. VVhy, thou and I, though tame and peaceable,
Are mortal, and must unregarded fall:
—Oh that thought! that damn'd resistless thought!
Methinks it hastens Fate before its time,
And makes me wish for what I fain wou'd shun.
Ger. Appease your self with thoughts of future bliss.
Orf. Future bliss! the Dreams of lazy Fools;
VVhy did my Soul take habitation here,
Here in this dull unactive piece of Earth!
VVhy did it not take wing in its Creation,

And soar above the hated bounds of this?
What does it lingring here?
Ger. To make it self fit for that glorious end
'Twas first design'd for, ——
By patient suffering here.
Orf. But *Geron*, still to live! still thus to live
In expectation of that future bliss,
(Though I believ'd it) is a sort of vertue
I find the Gods have not inspir'd me with.
Ger. Philosophy will teach you, Sir ——
Orf. Not to be wise, or happy ——
I'll hear no more of your Philosophy.
—Leave me—For I, of late desire to be without thee.
Ger. This disobedience, Sir, offends the Gods ——
Orf. Let 'em do their worst,
For I am weary of the life they gave.
Ger. He grows too wise to be impos'd upon,
And I unable to withstand his reasons. —— [Ger. *goes out.*

[Orf. *lies down on the ground.*

Enter Urania, *and Keeper.*

Keeper. This Ring is sufficient warrant, and your Path on the right hand will lead you to the Lord *Amintas* —— but have a care you advance no further that way, —— [*Keeper Exit.*

Ura. What strange disorder does possess my Soul!
And how my blood runs shivering through my Veins,
As if, alas, 't had need of all its aid,
At this encounter with my dear *Amintas.*
Orf. Ha! what noise is that? [*He rouzes.*
Ura. I heard a voice that way —— or else it was the fear
This gloomy place possesses all that enter it:
—— Stay, I was forbad that walk
—Heavens! I have forgot which 'twas I should have taken,
I'll call my Love to guide me—*Amintas*, *Amintas* ——
Orf. What voice is that?
Methought it had more sweetness in't than *Gerons*—— [*Rises, gazes, then runs fiercely to her.*
—Ha—what charming thing art thou?
Ura. 'Tis not *Amintas* — yet I should not fear,
He looks above the common rate of men.
—Sir, can you direct my way ——
To find a Prisoner out they call *Amintas!*
Orf. — Oh Gods! it speaks, and smiles, and acts like me!
It is a man, a wondrous lovely man!
Whom Nature made to please me.
—— Fair thing, pray speak again:
Thy Voice has Musick in't that does exceed
All *Geron*'s Lutes, pray bless my Ears again.

Ura.

Ura. Sir, as you're Noble, as you are a Gentleman,
Instruct me where to find my Lord *Amintas*.
Orf. Bright Creature! sure thou wert born i'th' upper world,
Thy Language is not what we practice here;
Speak on, thou harmony to every Sense,
Ravish my Ear as well as sight and touch.
Ura. Surely he's mad nay, Sir, you must not touch me.
Orf. Perhaps thou art some God descended hither, [*Retires and bows.*
And cam'st to punish, not to bless thy Creatures;
Instruct me how to adore you so,
As to retain you here my houshold-God,
And I and *Geron* still will kneel and pray to you.
Ura. Alas, I am a woman.
Orf. A Woman! what's that?
Something more powerfull than a Deity;
For sure that word awes me not less than t'other.
Ura. What can he mean—oh I shall die with fear——— [*Aside.*
———Sir, I must leave you.
Orf. Leave me! oh no, not for my future being!
You needs must live with me, and I will love you;
I've many things that will invite you to't:
I have a Garden compass'd round with Sea,
Which ev'ry day shall send fresh Beauties forth,
To make thee Wreaths to crown thy softer Temples.
Geron shall deck his Altar up no more;
The gawdy Flowers shall make a Bed for thee,
Where we will wanton out the heat o'th' day———
What things are these, that rise and fall so often? [*Touches her Breasts.*
Like waves, blown gently up by swelling winds;
Sure thou hast other wonders yet unseen,
Which these gay things maliciously do hide.
Ura. Alas, I am undone, what shall I do?——— [*Aside.*
Orf. —Nature, thy conduct's wise! nor could thy favours
Be giv'n to one more apprehensive of 'em!
———Say, lovely Woman! for I am all on fire,
Impatient of delay,
Can you instruct me what I am to do? [*Sighs.*
Undress, and let me lead thee to my Bed.
Ura. Alas, Sir, what to do? defend me Heav'n! [*Aside.*
Orf. Why, I will hold thee——— thus, between my Arms,
— I'll see thee sleep, and wonder at thy form,
—Then wake thee to be gazing on thy Eyes,
— And something more — but yet I know not what.
Ura. His whole discourse amazes me,
And has more ignorance than madness in't:
—But how shall I get free?

Orf. Thou grow'ſt impatient too, come, let us in—— [*Goes to take her in;*
Ura. Hold off, you are too rude. *ſhe ſtrives to get free, he ſtruggles with her.*
Orf. This is the prettieſt play I e'er was at,
But I ſhall gain the better.—— [*Takes her in his Arms to carry her off.*
Ura. Help, help.

Enter Amintas *in Fetters.*

Amin. A womans voice!——Villain, unhand the Lady.
Orf. Ha! what new thing art thou?
Amin. One ſent from Heaven to puniſh Raviſhers.—— [*Snatches* Ura. *while*
Orf. Thou'ſt call'd up an unwonted paſſion in me, Orf. *is gazing on him.*
And theſe be the effects on't—— [Orf. *ſtrikes him: they ſtruggle and fall.*

Enter Geron.

Ger. Hah! what's the matter here? a woman too!
We are undone—Madam, I pray retire— [Ura. *goes into* Amin. *Apartment.*
For here's no ſafety for your Sex.
Ura. I gladly take your Counſel.
Orf. What art thou?
Amin. That which I ſeem to be.
Orf. Then thou'rt a God; for till I ſaw a woman,
I never ſaw a thing ſo fine as thou:
And 'tis but juſt thou ſhould'ſt be more than mortal,
That durſt command that Creature from my Arms.
Amin. It is the King---I know it by his Innocence and Ignorance— [*Aſide*
—— Riſe, I beſeech you, Sir, and pardon me.
Orf. So I could live a year with looking on thee;
—But where's the Creature call'd it ſelf a Woman?
Ger. What woman, Sir?
Orf. Ha! *Geron*, where's the woman?
Ger. What do you mean, Sir?
Orf. The Heavenly woman! that was here but now.
Ger. I ſaw none ſuch, nor know I what you mean.
Orf. Not what I mean? thou could'ſt not be ſo dull:
What is't that I have ſtrove for all this while?
Amin. I'll leave him too, my preſence may be hurtful,
And follow the Lady that's fled to my Apartment. [Amin. *Exit.*
Orf. Go, fetch the woman, or by Heaven I'll fling thee into the Sea.
Ger. I muſt delude him. [*Aſide.*
Orf. Fly, why ſtay'ſt thou dully here? and bring the woman.
Ger. Sure you are Frantick.
Orf. I am ſo, and thou ſhalt feel th' effects on't,
Unleſs thou render back that lovely Creature.
Ger. Oh! this is perfect madneſs, Sir, you are loſt;
Call back your noble Temper, and be calm.
Orf. No, there's a furious Tempeſt in my ſoul,
Which nothing can allay but that fine thing.

Ger.

Ger. Hear reaſon yet—no Humane being can get entrance here:
Look round this Caſtle, and no other Object
Will meet your Eyes, but a watery Wilderneſs,
And diſtant and unhabitable Lands:
—VVhat Airy Viſion has poſſeſs'd your fancy?
For ſuch the Gods ſometimes afflict men with.

Orſ. Ha! an Airy Viſion!—Oh but it cannot be;
By all that's good, 'twas real Fleſh and Blood.

Ger. And are you ſure you are awake?

Orſ. As thou art now.

Ger. Then 'twas an Apparition.

Orſ. Away,——thou'ſt often told me of ſuch fooleries,
And I as often did reprove thee for't.

Ger. From whence, or how ſhould any living thing get hither?

Orſ. It dropt, perhaps, from Heaven, or how I know not;
But here it was, a ſolid living thing:
You might have heard how long we talk'd together.

Ger. I heard you talk, which brought me to this place,
And found you ſtruggling on the ground alone:
But what you meant I know not.

Orſ. —'Tis ſo—I grant you that it was a Viſion—
—How ſtrong is Fancy!—yet——it is impoſſible——
Have I not yet the muſick of its words?
Like anſwering Ecchoes leſs'ning by degrees,
Inviting all the yielding ſenſe to follow;
Have not my Lips (that fatally took in——
Unreſt from ev'ry touch of that fair hand)
The ſweet remains of warmth receiv'd from thence,
Beſides the unerring witneſs of my Eyes?
And can all theſe deceive me? tell me, can they?

Ger. Moſt certainly they have.

Orſ. Then let the Gods take back what they ſo vainly gave.

Ger. Ceaſe to offend, and they will ceaſe to puniſh.

Orſ. But why a VVoman? cou'd they ſecure my Faith
By nothing more afflicting?

Ger. Shapes divine are moſt perplexing.
To Souls, like yours, whom terrours cannot fright,
It leaves deſires of what it cannot gain,
And ſtill to wiſh for that——
Is much the greateſt torment of the mind.

Orſ. VVell ſaid——but *Geron*, thou'ſt undone thy aim,
And us'd the only argument cou'd invite me
T' offend again, that thus I might be puniſh'd:
The Gods themſelves invite me to the ſin!
Not ſee'ing a woman, I ne'er had bin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE:

SCENE the Second.

Enter Amintas *in Fetters with* Urania.

Amin. My gallant Maid! this generosity,
Above thy Sex, and much above my merit,
I never can repay: my dear *Urania*,
Thou didst out do thy Sex before in beauty,
In all the Charms that makes 'em so ador'd:
But this last act, this noble mark of Love,
Begets a reverend wonder in my Soul,
And I beheld thee as some sacred thing,
That — this way should be worshipp'd — [*Kneels and kisses her hand.*

Ura. I'm glad you have so kind a sense of that
Which ev'ry Maid that lov'd like me wou'd do:
What cou'd you less expect — ah my *Amintas*,
That fatal night before our Wedding-day,
Being alarm'd by the Enemy,
And you were sent to try your force with theirs;
My heart foretold your Fate; and that same night
Whose darkness vail'd my blushes all alone,
Dress't like a Youth I hasted from the Court,
And being well-mounted, soon o'ertook the Army,
When all unknown, I got so near your person,
That in the fight I had the glory twice
To serve you, when your Horses being kill'd
I still presented you with fresh, whose Riders
Thy Valour had dismounted.

Amin. Oh Gods! wert thou that boy,
Whom oft I said, I thought was sent from Heaven,
And begg'd t' encounter when the Fight was ended?

Ura. The same, 'twas all you'd time to say; for after that
Venturing too far, they took you Prisoner.

Amin. Oh with what shame I look upon your bounty,
Which all my Life's too little to acknowledge:
What follow'd then, my dear fair *Urania*?

Ura. I gladly wou'd have been a Prisoner too,
But I appear'd a poor dejected boy,
That was not worth their Fetters:
— Then I resolv'd upon this last adventure,
To make my application to the Princess,
Knowing her noble nature;
To try (since mighty Ransoms were refus'd)
What simple love would do, and in my way

I lighted on a *Druid*, who in's youth
Had liv'd in Courts, but now retir'd to Shades,
And is a little Monarch o'er his Flocks,
To him I told my story, who encourag'd me in my resolv'd design,
And I so luckily have made an interest
In *Cleomena*'s heart,
These Chains she'as given me freedom to dismiss,
And you must only wear Loves Fetters now : [*She takes off his Chains.*
— Come, haste, *Amintas*, from this horrid place,
And be thy self again, appear in Arms.
The *Scythians* are encampt within thy view,
And e're three births of Day the Armies meet ;
Th' event of which, I at the *Druids* Cell
Will wait ; sending continual Vows to Heaven
For thy dear safety : there when the fight is done
I wish to meet thee :
——— But now your Country and your King expect you,
And I love glory equal to *Amintas*.

Amin. But yet the generous bounty of the Princess
Obliges here, no less than duty there ;
I know not how the Gods of War to move
To grant me Victor, or the Vanquish'd prove ;
My heart to either is not well inclin'd,
Since—vanquish'd I am lost, conquering unkind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Third. *A Grove.*

Enter Thersander, Lysander.

Thers. Urge it no more, *Lysander*, 'tis in vain,
My Liberty past all retrieve is lost,
But they're such glorious Fetters that confine me,
I wou'd not quit them to preserve that life
Thou justly sayst I hazard by my Love.

Ly. The *Scythian* God's defend it !

Thers. The Gods inspire it, 'tis their work alone :
— I know she is my Enemy, hates *Thersander*,
Has sent for all the Neighbouring Kings for aid,
That hither *Artabases* and *Ismenes*
Have brought their powers t' assist against my Crown :
But what of this? She loves me as *Clemanthis*,
Which will surmount her hatred to the *Scythians* :
Oh, my *Lysander* ! did'st thou know her Charms,
Thou'dst also know 'tis not a mortal force

That

That can ſecure the Heart: She's all Divine!
All Beauty, VVit, and Softneſs! and ſhe loves!
Already I have found the gratefull ſecret:
She ſcorns the little Cuſtoms of her Sex,
And her belief of being ſo much above me,
Permits her to encourage my deſign;
She gives a boldneſs to my baſhful flame,
And entertains me with much liberty.

Ly. VVere all this true, you're equally unhappy;
She muſt be only his that Conquers you,
That wins your Crown and lays it at her feet.

Therſ. —— Love never conſiders the event of things,
The Path before me's fair, and I'll purſue it;
Fearing no other forces than her Eyes,
Bright as the Planets under which they're born.

Ly. — And will you let her know you are in love?

Therſ. —— If all my ſighs, if Eyes ſtill fix'd on hers
VVith languiſhment and paſſion will inform her,
I'll let her know my flame, or periſh in th' attempt.

Ly. —— Dare you declare it as you now appear?
And can you hope, that under the degree
Of what indeed you are, ſhe will permit it?
And your diſcovery is your certain ruin.

Therſ. Thy Counſel, dear *Lyſander*, comes too late,
She's in the Grove, where now I muſt attend her,
And ſee where ſhe approaches.—

Enter Cleomena, Semiris:

Cleo. The ſtranger, ſay you, grown of late ſo penſive!
—I muſt enquire the cauſe —— what if it ſhou'd be Love?
And that too not for me! hah my *Semiris*!
That thought has giv'n me pains I never felt:
—Gods! why comes he not? I grow impatient now:
—Say, didſt thou bid him wait me in the Grove?

Sem. Madam, I ſpoke to him my ſelf.——

Cleo. And told him I wou'd ſpeak with him!

Sem. As you commanded me, I ſaid.

Cleo. It ſeems he values my commands but little,
VVho is ſo ſlow in his Obedience:
—VVhere found you him?

Sem. I'th' Antick Gallery, Madam.

Cleo. Gallery! what did he there? tell me exactly,
— I have no Picture there.

Sem. Madam, he was viewing that of *Olympia* your fair Couſin,
But for the Excellency of the VVork, not Beauty.

Cleo. Thou art deceiv'd; viewing her Picture, ſay you?
—Oh thou haſt touch'd a tender part, *Semiris*;

——But

——— But yonder's he that can allay my rage, [*Sees* Therſander.
And calm me in that love by every look.
—*Clemanthis*, you abſent your ſelf too much,
From thoſe to whom your preſence is agreeable;
I hear that you are grown retir'd of late,
And viſit ſhady Groves, walk thus—and ſigh
Like melancholy Lovers; has the Court,
(Who for your entertainment has put on
More gayety than in an Age before)
Nothing that can divert you?—Ceaſe your Ceremony; [*Bows low.*
I am your Friend, and if ought harbour there,
Within that ſullen Breaſt, impart it here———
And I'll contribute any thing to eaſe you.
—Come—boldly tell thy griefs;
I have an intereſt in thy noble life;
--Perhaps, ſince you are arriv'd at Court, you've ſeen
Some Beauty that has made a conqueſt o'er your Heart;
—Who e'er ſhe be you cannot fear ſucceſs.

Therſ. The Honours you have heap'd upon your Slave,
Have been ſufficient
To have encourag'd any bold attempt;
And here are Beauties would tranſform a God,
Much more a Soldier, into an amorous ſhape;
—But, I confeſs, with ſhame, I brought no Heart
Along with me to Court, and after that
What acceptable Sacrifice can I offer?
This makes me ſhun the Pleaſures of your Court,
And ſeek retirements ſilent as my griefs.

Cleo. It ſeems you were a Lover e'er I ſaw you,
And abſence from your Miſtreſs makes you languiſh.

Therſ. Ah, Madam, do not ask me many queſtions,
Leſt I offend where I ſhould merit pity,
The boldneſs may arrive unto her knowledge,
And then you'll loſe the humbleſt of your Creatures,
Whilſt, as I am, I may among the crowd
Of daily Worſhippers, pay my Devotions.

Cleo. Give me your hand, we'll walk a little: [*They go and ſit down on a Bank.*
——— How do you like this Grove:

Therſ As I do every place you're pleas'd to bleſs.
Heaven were not Heaven were Gods not preſent there;
And where you are, 'tis Heaven every where.

Cleo. Look *Clemanthis* — on yonder tuft of Trees,
Near which there is a little murmuring Spring,
From whence a Rivolet does take its riſe,
And branches forth in Channels through the Garden;
——'Twas near a place like that—where firſt I ſaw *Clemanthis*. [*Sighing.*

Therſ. Madam, be pleas'd to add. 'twas alſo there

Clemanthis left his Liberty at the feet
Of Divine *Cleomena*!
And charg'd himself with those too glorious Chains
Never to be dismist but with his Life. [*She rises in anger, he kneels.*

Cleo. How, *Clemanthis?*

Therf. Ah! Madam, if I too presumptuous grow,
From your Commands, and all your Bounties to me,
You should forgive the Pride you do create,
And all its strange effects:
Which if I have mistaken, let me die.
Only this mercy grant me, to believe,
That if our Adorations please the Gods,
Mine cannot be offensive to my Princes,
Since they are equally Religious.

Cleo. Stranger--before I punish thy presumption,
Inform me who it is that has offended:
Who giving me no other knowledge of him,
Than what his Sword has done—dares raise his eyes to me?

Therf. Madam, what you demand is just,
And I had rather die than disobey you;
But I am constrain'd by a necessity
(Which when you know, you certainly will pardon,)
For some time to conceal my Birth and Name.

Cleo. Till then you should have kept your flame conceal'd,
'T had been less disobliging from a criminal one
Whose Quality had justifi'd his boldness.

Therf. Ah! Madam, wou'd Heaven and you wou'd find no other difficulty.
Than want of quality to merit you.

Cleo. I must confess, *Clemanthis*, with a blush,
That nothing of the rest displeases me.

Therf. Ah, Madam, how you bless me!
And now with confidence I dare assure you,
That which should render me more worthy of you,
Shall be in me found more to your advantage,
Than in those Princes who have taken on 'em
The glory of your Service.

Cleo. As I am very reasonable, and do act
With more Sincerity than Artifice,
I'll now desire no more,
But have a care you use my bounty well:
For I am now grown kind enough to think
That all you say is true.

Therf. Madam, banish me your presence, as the man
Of all the world unworthy to adore you,
If I present not to you in *Clemanthis*
A man enough considerable to hope.

Cleo.

Cleo. But oh! *Clemanthis*, I forgot my fate,
My Destiny depends upon my people:
Urg'd by the Queen, they've made a resolution
To give me to that Prince who does most powerfully
Advance the ruin of the King of *Scythia*.
Therf. Madam, I am not ignorant of the Conditions
That are impos'd on those pretend to you;
I will not only serve you in this War,
With more success than any,
But set the Crown of *Scythia* on your head.
Cleo. That's bravely said.
Therf. Perhaps, it seems extravagantly spoken,
In the condition you behold me now;
But here I vow —— I never will demand [*Kneels.*
The Divine *Cleomena* till I have crown'd her ——
Yes, Madam, till I have crown'd her Queen of *Scythia*,
—Till then—give me but hope — enough to live—— [*Rises.*
Cleo. That's to your Passion due; and when I know
Who 'tis I favour, —— I will more allow.
Sem. Madam —the Queen is here ——
Enter Queen, Honorius, Artabazes, Ismenes, *Guards*, *Attendants*, &c.
Queen. I'm glad to see you all in readiness;
To morrow I intend to be i'th' Camp,
—— And *Cleomena* is your General,
Since 'tis her Cause we fight, it is but just
She share the danger of it with the glory.
Arta. We all approve it, Madam, and are proud
Fair *Cleomena* shall a witness be
Of what we do to serve her,
And see the easie Conquest we shall make
Upon the persons of her Enemies.
Hon. I know not, Sir, what you may do,
But we have found it not so easie.
Arta. Oh there's no doubt but we'll depopulate *Scythia*,
And lead its King, with the vain Prince his Son,
Loaden with Irons to adorn your Triumphs.
Therf. Madam, I must confess your force is great,
And the assistance of these men, considerable;
Yet I advise your Majesty to prepare
For the defeat of the great King of *Scythia*,
As to a business much more difficult
Than they present it to you; for I know
The Forces of that Nation are not less. [*Looks with scorn on them.*
—Consider too, that King was never conquered,
Though these believe to do't with so much ease.
I oft have seen *Therfander*, that young Prince,

Upon whoſe Sword Fortune her ſelf depends,
— And I can tell— he's not eaſily chain'd,
As, *Artabakes*, you imagine him.
Arta. What, do you think to fright us with the praiſes
You give our Enemies?
— I have heard of that King, and of *Therſander* too;
But never heard of ſo much terrour in 'em,
Should make us apprehend an ill ſucceſs:
—— And, you, *Clemanthis*, do not know us well,
To think we'll tremble for the Prince of *Scythia*,
Though many ſuch as you ſhould take his part.
Therſ. How! many ſuch as I! [*Comes up to his Breaſt.*
Gods! wiſh your ſelves no other Enemies
To joyn with that young Prince;
To conquer him and many ſuch as I,
Requires a number of ſuch Kings as you.
Iſm. It is too much, *Clemanthis*: were you well
Affected to the Service of the Queen,
You would not thus commend her Enemies.
Therſ. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon,
I have fail'd in the reſpect I owe you,
By what I've ſaid in favour of your Enemies,
Whom, whilſt you think ſo eaſily o'ercome,
You will neglect that power ſhould make you Victor.
Queen. 'Tis virtue, Sir, that makes you give what's due,
Though to th' advantage of thoſe men you hate——
——I muſt not have you take ought ill from him. [*To the King.*
But as you've all unanimouſly joyn'd
To aſſiſt us in this War, ſo all embrace, [Therſ. *ſalutes 'em coldly.*
Be one and ever Friends.
Brother, I leave the Conduct of this hopefull Army [*To* Hon.
To your unqueſtion'd care; and if you can,
Oblige this noble ſtranger for ever into our Service,
Cleo. Uncle, I'll to the Camp with you;
And you, *Clemanthis*, muſt be near me ſtill. [Therſ. *bows. All go out but* Ther. Hon.
Manent Therſ. Hon. Lyſander.
Hon. Clemanthis, you are troubled.
Therſ. I was a little ruffled, but 'tis gone.
Hon. You ſhou'd not blame them, Sir, for envying you,
A man ſo young, and ſuch a name in War!
Therſ. That, Sir, is only your eſteem of it.
Hon. No, dear *Clemanthis*, that I may declare
To all the world and thee, how much I prize it
Without conſulting of your Quality,
I'll make you abſolute Maſter of my Fortune.
Therſ. Heav'ns! whence this generoſity! [*Aſide.*

Hon.

Hon. I have a Daughter, Sir, an only Child,
Whom all the World eſteems a vertuous one,
And for whoſe Love Princes have ſu'd in vain,
I now with Joy will render you in marriage.
Therſ. I am undone ———
It is a Princeſs, Sir, I much admire,
But never durſt behold her with eyes of love,
A Maid ſo much above me.
Hon. I am a man, whoſe martial diſpoſition
Renders unartfull in my Language,
I cannot ſtudy fineneſs in my words,
But with Sincerity declare my heart,
And do propoſe this Marriage with *Olympia*
For your advantage and the publick intereſt,
Beſides my own content.
Therſ. Have you conſider'd, Sir, I am below her?
Hon. No more of that, go viſit my *Olympia.*
She is prepar'd to give you entertainment. [Hon. *Ex.*
Therſ. Marry *Olympia*;
—No—could he with *Olympia* give the world,
I could not love, not marry her.
—Oh my *Lyſander*! what evaſion now?
—Didſt hear the noble offer of the General?
Ly. I did, great Sir; and what will you return?
Therſ. If I refuſe, I muſt offend the Man
To whom of all the World I am moſt oblig'd,
And one who knowing me but by my Services,
Offers me what *Therſander* might accept.
It is fit you ſhould conſult the Princes, Sir,
What 'tis you ought to do.
Therſ. I'll take thy counſel--and wait upon *Olympia*:
—Yes, I will go viſit her, tho' but to prove
No torment can be like diſſembled Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Fourth. *A Chamber.*

Enter Queen, Cleomena, Honorius.

Queen. Is't poſſible, my Brother, you can have
So great a paſſion for the publick good,
As willing to ſacrifice your Child to its repoſe,
And make her Arms the ſoft and eaſie Chains
To link this gallant ſtranger to our intereſt?
Hon. His virtue I prefer above a Crown.
Cleo. You ſhou'd love Virtue as you ought to love it;

Not

Not give it over-measure, —— But are you sure he will accept it?

Hon. I am not certain, being not come so far;
But I propos'd it, and no doubt he lik'd it.

Cleo. This cannot be his malice; for he was ever noble, [Hon. *talks to the Queen.*
But false or feign'd, I can endure no more on't;
— By Heaven this Stranger's false! false as his name!
— *Semiris* found him gazing on her Picture:
— 'Tis so —— he loves *Olympia!*
And when I askt the Name of her he lov'd,
I urg'd it with such softness in my eyes,
That he in pity of me swore 'twas I:
——— Now can I find how much my Soul's possest
With love, since 'tis with jealousie oppress. [*Goes out.*

Queen. How do you like the Trial of *Orsames*
Which I intend to make?

Hon. You'll oblige your people, and do a Mothers duty.

Queen. You know 'twas not the Tyrant in my nature
That from his infancy has kept him ignorant
Of what he was —— but the Decrees of Heaven.

Hon. Madam, 'tis true; and if the Gods be just,
He must be King too, though his Reign be short:
You cannot alter those Decrees of Heaven.

Queen. The Gods are witness how these eighteen years
I have with much regret conceal'd his birth.

Hon. You know the last defeat the *Scythians* gave us,
Th' impatient people broke the Castle-gates,
And against all your powers were ready to have crown'd him;
And should we now be conquer'd, nothing less
Will still the mutinous Army: try him, Madam,
He may be fit for great Impressions,
Had he but good examples to dispose him.

Queen. I'll have it done to night:
Heaven, if it be thy will, inspire my Son
With Virtue fit to wear his Fathers Crown. (*Exeunt.*

Scene draws off, discovers Thersander *seemingly courting* Olympia. *Enter* Cleomena; *sees them, starts, gazes on them, then goes out unseen; and the Scene closes, and changes to her Apartment:* ——— *She enters in a rage* ——

Cleo. Perfidious man! am I abandon'd then? (*Rage.*
Abandon'd for *Olympia*! my Slave ———
— And yet I lov'd him more than I did Heaven — (*Soft.*
And shall he quit me thus?
Without being punisht for this Infidelity?
— No, let me be a shame to all my Sex then —
— Oh, *Clemanthis*! to whom I fondly gave my liberty
When first I saw thee sleeping in the Wood:
— But I grow soft, a passion too unfit

For

For so much anger as my Soul's possess'd with:
'Twas but even now, he lov'd me with such Ardor;
And he, who promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia*,
Dar'st thou become unjust, ungrateful Stranger!
Who having rais'd thy Eyes to *Cleomena*,
Would sacrifice her to another Mistress:
—This heart which ought not to've been given away
But by the Services and Blood of Kings,
How hast thou lost it on a false Unknown,
Without being paid for it one single sigh —

Enter Therſander: *She draws a Dagger: offers to kill him, but cannot.*

Traitor— hast thou the impudence to appear before me?
Or, dost thou come to meet thy just reward? (*Offers to stab him.*
—There's something in his looks that does preserve him,
Or, I'm not truly brave, and dare not kill him:
— Go treacherous Unknown, whom I've preferr'd
Before so many Princes, who in vain
Sue for this credulous Heart which thou'st betray'd.

Therſ. Ah! Madam, can you be thus cruel to me,
And not inform me how I have offended?

Cleo. Be gone, I say, if thou would'st save a life
Which those that dare do evil fear to lose.

Therſ. Those Eyes thus ordered are far worse than death:
End what you have so well begun,
And kill me:
Yet from anothers hand
The blow would be less cruel.

Cleo. Oh impudence!
Still he won'd cheat my Rage, as he has abus'd my Love;
But Monster, though thou art below my hand,
I'm yet a Princess, and I can command:
By Heaven I'll try how much rage can invent.
Semiris, call *Olympia* to me straight;
She shall in triumph with me stand and smile,
To see thee by some Vassal bleed,

Therſ. There needs no other witness of my death,
But here I have offended:
To you alone I offer up my life: for dying,
I've something to relate may justifie your rage,
Though not deserve your pity.

Cleo. Hell!
Now I'm confirm'd, he fears that she should see
Him die, lest it should cost her but a Tear:
—Why should I want the strength!— (*Offers to present the Dagger.*
—But oh, I cannot:
But canst thou live false man, and see me frown?

Therſ.

Therf. No, Madam, I can die——thus—— [*Offers to fall on his Sword.*

Cleo. Stay——

Thou shalt not so much glory gain:
No, live, and prove wretched enough to know [*Exit raving.*
How very poorly thou hast lost my heart. [Therf. *gazes after her.*

Therf. Must I then live?—— I will obey—Farewel
The fairest and unkindest of thy Sex;
If e'er it be thy chance to meet with one
That loves more than *Therfander*, if thou canst
Treat him worse than thou hast done me——
For oh! how miserable is the wretch, (whose prayer
Repuls'd) like me, lives only to despair. [*Exit.*

ACT, the Third.

SCENE the First.

The Curtain is let down—being drawn up, discovers Orsames *seated on A Throne asleep, drest in Royal Robes, the Crown and Scepter lying by on a Table. On either side of the Stage Courtiers ready drest, and multitude of Lights. Above is discovered the* Queen, Olympia, *and Women,* Pimante, Artabazes, Ismenes: *Soft Musick plays: whilst he wakes by degrees, and gazes round about him, and on himself with wonder.*

Orf. —— Gods! What am I?
—— Or, is there any others Gods but I?

Ger. Yes, my great Lord—
But you're a King, a mighty Monarch, Sir.

Orf. I understand thee, 'tis some God thou mean'st.

Ger. On Earth it is; your Power too is as great:
Your frowns destroy, and when you smile you bless;
At every Nod, the whole Creation bows,
And lay their gratefull Tributes at your feet;
Their Lives are yours and when you daign to take 'em
There's not a mortal dares defend himself:
But that you may the more resemble Heaven,
You shou'd be merciful and Bountiful.

Orf. I do believe I am this King thou speak'st of.

Ger. Behold this Crown—this sacred thing is yours. [*Kneels and gives him the Scepter and Crown; he puts it on, and walks about.*

Orf.

Orſ. It is a glorious Object ——
And fit for none but me ——
Olymp. Madam, methinks the King is the fineſt man
That e'er I ſaw —— ſhall he not ſtill be King?
Queen. I hope he will deſerve it.
Orſ. So, now methinks I move like Heaven it ſelf,
All circled round with Stars.
— Hah! —— what's this that kneels? [*The Queen kneels, he ſnatches her up.*
Ger. The Queen your Mother, Sir. ——
Orſ. By my great ſelf it is another woman,
Which I have burnt with a deſire of ſeeing:
— Begone, and leave us here alone together;
I've ſomething to impart to this fair thing,
Muſt not be underſtood by you.
Queen. Why, Sir, what is it you can impart to me,
Which thoſe about you muſt not underſtand?
Orſ. A new Philoſophy inſpir'd by Nature,
And much above whatever *Geron* taught,
— Come and augment my knowledge.
Queen. Why me, Sir, more than any one about you?
Orſ. Thou art all ſoft and ſweet like ſpringing Flowers,
And gentle as the undiſturbed Air.
Queen. But I am your Mother.
Orſ. No matter: thou'rt a woman art thou not?
And being ſo, the Mother cannot awe me.
Ger. Sir, 'tis the perſon gave you life and being.
Orſ. That gave me life! oh how I love thee for't!
Come —— and I'll pay thee back ſuch kind returns ——
Ger. Moſt Royal Sir, this Woman was
Not made by Heaven — for you.
Orſ. Away with your Philoſophy; but now you ſaid ——
I was a King, a mighty God on Earth,
And by that Power I may do any thing.
Ger. But Kings are Juſt as well as Powerful, Sir.
Orſ. I am ſo to my ſelf, do not oppoſe me.
Ger. Sir, this is one not meant, not form'd for you.
Orſ. Am I a God, and can be diſobey'd?
Remove that Contradiction from my ſight,
And let him live no longer: ha, more Women!
Enter Olympia, *and other Women.*
Oh Nature, how thou'ſt furniſh'd me with ſtore!
And finer far than this —— [*Gazes on* Olympia.
——But what is that whoſe Eyes give Laws to all,
And like the Sun, Eclipſes the leſſer Lights?
Queen. Speak to him, *Olympia.*
Orſ. Who tells me what ſhe is?
Olymp. Oh how I tremble! — Sir I am a Maid.

Orſ. A Maid! and may you be approacht with Knees and Prayers? [*Kneels.*

Olym. I am your Slave, you muſt not kneel to me ——— (*Takes him up.*

Orſ. How ſoon my Glory's vaniſht!
Till now I did believe I was ſome God,
And had my Power and my Divinity
Within my will, but by this awfull fear
I find thou art the greater Deity:
— Pray tell me faireſt are you not a Woman?

Olymp. I am a Woman, and a Virgin, Sir.

Orſ. I did believe that thou wert ſomething more.
For I have ſeen a woman, and ne'er knew
So much diſorder in my Soul before:
—For every look of thine gives me a pain,
And draws my Heart out of its wonted ſeat.

Olym. Alas, Sir, have I hurt you?

Orſ. Extreamly hurt me, thou haſt a ſecret power,
And canſt at diſtance wound,
Which none but Heaven and you could ever do:
——But 'twas my fault, had I not gaz'd on thee,
I had been ſtill a King, and full of Health.
—Here—receive this Crown, 'tis now unfit for me,
Since thou haſt greater power—whilſt it ſits here— (*He takes off his Crown, and puts it on her.*
It looks like Stars fall'n from their proper Sphere!
——— So, now they're fixt again.

Queen. Pimante, ſpeak to him to take it back.

Pim. He kills me with his looks.
— Sir, when you part with this, you'll be deſpis'd;
Your Glory, and your Thunder, all will vaniſh.

Orſ. I yet have ſomething that ſhall make thee fear,
I am ſtill a King, though I muſt bow to her;
Take him away to Death immediately———

Pim. Any where to be out of your ſight———
A King, quotha! (*Exit.*

Orſ. Come, my fair Virgin, this ſhall be my Altar,
And I will place thee here my Deity.

Queen. Great Sir, that Throne is only fit for you.

Orſ. I ſay again, I'll have fit for two:
Thou art a Woman, thank the Gods for that:
— Aſcend, my lovely Virgin, and adorn it:
Aſcend, and be immortal as my ſelf.

Art. That Throne ſhe was not born to.

Ger. Into the Sea with that bold Councellor,
And let him there diſpute with Winds and Waves. (*Art. Exit.*

Being ſeated on the Throne, Enter ſeveral in Maſquerade, and danse.

——— Cou'd I be ſenſible of any pleaſure
But what I take in thee, this had ſurpriz'd me.

Olym.

Olym. A Banquet, Sir, attends you.
Orf. Dispose me as you please, my lovely Virgin,
For I've resign'd my being to your will,
And have no more of what I call my own,
Than sense of Joys and Pains, which you create. (*They rise, and sit down at a Banquet. He gazes on her.*
Olym. Will you not please to eat?
Orf. It is too gross a pleasure for a King:
Sure, if they eat, 'tis some Celestial Food,
As I do by gazing on thy Eyes———
Ah lovely Maid! ———
Olym. Why do you sigh, Sir?
Orf. For something which I want; yet having thee,
What more can Heaven bestow to gratifie
My Soul and Sense withal?
Olym. Sir, taste this Wine;
Perhaps 'twill alter that deceiv'd opinion,
And let you know the errour of your Passion;
'Twill cause, at least some alteration in you.
Orf. Why should'st thou ask so poor a proof of me?
But yet, I will obey;—give me the Wine. (*They put something into the Bowl.*
Olym. How do you like it, Sir?
Orf. Why—well; but I am still the same.
Come, give it me again———'tis very pleasant———
Will you not taste it too?———
Methinks my Soul is grown more gay and vigorous;
What I've drank, has deifi'd thee more,
Heightens the pleasures which I take to gaze on thee,
And sends a thousand strange uneasie Joys,
That play about my heart, and more transport me:
Drink, my fair Virgin, and perhaps thy eyes
May find some Charms in me to make thee thus.
Olym. Alas they've found already but too many. [*Aside.*
Orf. I thought I must have gaz'd on thee for ever;
—But oh! my eyes grow heavy in the play,
As if some strange Divinity above me
Told me my safety lay in their declension:
—— Is it not Sleep?—Sure Kings do never sleep;
That were a low submission to a power
A Monarch should despise —— but yet 'tis so:
Ye Gods am I but mortal then?
Or do you ever sleep? I find ye do;
But I must—and lose this lovely object:
Grant, oh ye Gods, that I may find it in a Dream,
Let her Idea hover about my Soul,
And keep it still in this harmonious Order———
—And gently blow the flame 't has kindled there. (*Falls asleep.*

Enter Geron, Pimante, *and* Arates.

Pim. Are you sure he's asleep?
Ger. How do you like him, Madam?
Queen. I fear he is a Tyrant in his nature.
Ger. But, since he can be tam'd by Love and Beauty,
You should not doubt but he'll be fit to reign.
Queen. Remove him now into his own Apartment,
And still continue to impose upon him,
Till you receive new Orders. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Second.

Enter Cleomena, *with a Truncheon in her hand, a Sword and a Quiver of Arrows by her side, with* Semiris.

Sem. Madam, you are sad,
As if you doubted your success to day.
Cleo. There are some moments wherein I do repent me
The too rash Banishment of poor *Clemanthis*.
How did he take the Letter which I sent?
Sem. As persons innocent and full of health
Receive unlookt-for Sentences of Death;
He sigh'd, and said he would obey your will;
And, Madam, had you seen his silent grief,
You would have thought him innocent.
Cleo. Innocent! banish that foolish pity from your heart
That would perswade thee he is innocent.
Did not I see him courting of *Olympia*?
And can my Eyes deceive me?
Sem. Olympia, Madam! Gods, what do I hear!
Till now I did not know his fault of banishment.
Cleo. And was't not cause enough?
Sem. Ah, Madam, what injustice have you done?
Before *Clemanthis* came into your Cabinet
He entertain'd me for a pretty while
With the intentions of your generous Uncle,
He told me how he offered him *Olympia*,
And that he durst not seem to disesteem it,
Being your Uncle, and a man to whom
He ow'd so much: but most to hide his passion;
And then was coming to consult with you
How he should manage this affair with him.
Cleo. And is this truth thou tell'st me, dear *Semiris*?
Sem. Madam, I do not use t' abuse your credit.
Cleo. Fly then, *Semiris*, and reverse his doom.

Sem.

Sem. Would I knew whither, Madam.
Cleo. Why, is he no longer then in the Camp?
Sem. Ah, Madam, is he longer in the World?
For 'tis impoſſible to be imagined
He parted hence with any thought of life.
Cleo. Send ev'ry way to find him—hark, I'm call'd— [*Trumpets ſound.*
And he that finds him firſt, is made for ever.
Oh Jealouſie, thou paſſion moſt ingrate!
Thy ills procure more miſchief than thy hate.
'Tis thou art Tyrant, when Love bears the blame,
'Tis pity thou'rt conſiſtent with Loves flame:
I'll not my weakneſs nor reſentment ſhow;
A Heart like mine, ſhould ſooner break than bow
—Come my *Semiris*, we too long have ſtay'd;
That call, till now, was never diſobey'd. [*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.*

SCENE the Third. *Scythian Tents.*

Enter Amintas, *dreſt fine, with* Urania.

Ura. Within this ſhade till the black day be paſt,
I will attend thy Fortune, or thy Fate.
Amin. The King has taken Horſe, the Fight's begun,
And I muſt leave thee to the Gods and Prayer.
Ura. Why was I made a Woman? or being ſo,
Why had I not a Maſculine Courage given me?
That ſide by ſide I might have ſhar'd thy glory,
Or have expir'd together.
Amin. Thou wilt undo me with this tenderneſs;
Come ſend me kindly from thee,
With Joys about my heart that may preſerve it;
Here reſt till my return; farewel, my fair.
Ura. And if I never ſee thee more, farewel— [*Amin. Exit.*
Here I will lay me down, and never riſe
Till thou return'ſt with Lawrel or with Cypreſs. [*Sits down.*
Now I could curſe the Fortune of my Prince,
Who quits a Father for an Enemy,
To ſatisfie a flame will ruin him. [*A noiſe of fighting.*
—The Fight increaſes: oh ye Gods of battle,
In midſt of all your rage preſerve my Love.

Enter Artabazes *over the Stage, and goes out.*

Art. My Nephew kill'd! and I diſmounted too! oh curſt Fate!
Ura. This noiſe has comfort in't, it ſounds like Victory.
[*A hallowing within amongſt the noiſe of fighting.*

Enter

Enter Geron, Pimante, *and* Arates.

Pim. Are you ſure he's aſleep?
Ger. How do you like him, Madam?
Queen. I fear he is a Tyrant in his nature.
Ger. But, ſince he can be tam'd by Love and Beauty,
You ſhould not doubt but he'll be fit to reign.
Queen. Remove him now into his own Apartment,
And ſtill continue to impoſe upon him,
Till you receive new Orders. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Second.

Enter Cleomena, *with a Truncheon in her hand, a Sword and a Quiver of Arrows by her ſide, with* Semiris.

Sem. Madam, you are ſad,
As if you doubted your ſucceſs to day.
Cleo. There are ſome moments wherein I do repent me
The too raſh Baniſhment of poor *Clemanthis.*
How did he take the Letter which I ſent?
Sem. As perſons innocent and full of health
Receive unlookt-for Sentences of Death;
He ſigh'd, and ſaid he would obey your will;
And, Madam, had you ſeen his ſilent grief,
You would have thought him innocent.
Cleo. Innocent! baniſh that fooliſh pity from your heart
That would perſwade thee he is innocent.
Did not I ſee him courting of *Olympia*?
And can my Eyes deceive me?
Sem. Olympia, Madam! Gods, what do I hear!
Till now I did not know his fault of baniſhment.
Cleo. And was't not cauſe enough?
Sem. Ah, Madam, what injuſtice have you done?
Before *Clemanthis* came into your Cabinet
He entertain'd me for a pretty while
With the intentions of your generous Uncle,
He told me how he offered him *Olympia,*
And that he durſt not ſeem to diſeſteem it,
Being your Uncle, and a man to whom
He ow'd ſo much: but moſt to hide his paſſion;
And then was coming to conſult with you
How he ſhould manage this affair with him.
Cleo. And is this truth thou tell'ſt me, dear *Semiris*?
Sem. Madam, I do not uſe t' abuſe your credit.
Cleo. Fly then, *Semiris,* and reverſe his doom.

Sem.

Sem. Would I knew whither, Madam.
Cleo. Why, is he no longer then in the Camp?
Sem. Ah, Madam, is he longer in the World?
For 'tis impossible to be imagined
He parted hence with any thought of life.
Cleo. Send ev'ry way to find him—hark, I'm call'd— [*Trumpets sound.*
And he that finds him first, is made for ever.
Oh Jealousie, thou passion most ingrate!
Thy ills procure more mischief than thy hate.
'Tis thou art Tyrant, when Love bears the blame,
'Tis pity thou'rt consistent with Loves flame:
I'll not my weakness nor resentment show;
A Heart like mine, should sooner break than bow
—— Come my *Semiris*, we too long have stay'd;
That call, till now, was never disobey'd. [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE the Third. *Scythian Tents.*

Enter Amintas, *dress'd fine, with* Urania.

Ura. Within this shade till the black day be past,
I will attend thy Fortune, or thy Fate.
Amin. The King has taken Horse, the Fight's begun,
And I must leave thee to the Gods and Prayer.
Ura. Why was I made a Woman? or being so,
Why had I not a Masculine Courage given me?
That side by side I might have shar'd thy glory,
Or have expir'd together.
Amin. Thou wilt undo me with this tenderness;
Come send me kindly from thee,
With Joys about my heart that may preserve it;
Here rest till my return; farewel, my fair.
Ura. And if I never see thee more, farewel—— [*Amin. Exit.*
Here I will lay me down, and never rise
Till thou return'st with Lawrel or with Cypress. [*Sits down.*
Now I could curse the Fortune of my Prince,
Who quits a Father for an Enemy,
To satisfie a flame will ruin him. [*A noise of fighting.*
——The Fight increases: oh ye Gods of battle,
In midst of all your rage preserve my Love.

Enter Artabazes *over the Stage, and goes out.*

Art. My Nephew kill'd! and I dismounted too! oh curst Fate!
Ura. This noise has comfort in't, it sounds like Victory.
[*A hallowing within amongst the noise of fighting.*

Enter

Enter Amintas.

—Oh Gods! *Amintas*! what has Fortune done?

Amin. Th' undaunted *Scythians* never lost the field,
Yet now at first 'twas doubtful
To which side Fortune would incline her self.
Ismenis kill'd where e'er he turn'd his Sword,
And quite defeated our Agrippian Forces;
Yet was not satisfied, knowing the King
To be the price of *Cleomena*'s Heart,
But sought him out on all sides,
Whom 'twas not hard to find;
For he was hurrying now from Rank to Rank,
Distributing a death to all opposers.
But young *Ismenis* having pierc'd the Squadrons,
And knowing our great King by several Marks,
Boldly cried out,—Defend the life I claim.
The King made no reply, but at that word
Prepar'd himself to fight.

Ura. Thou kill'st me, till thou bring'st him off again.

Amin. Disordered thus—the *Dacians* took advantge,
And charg'd with so much vigour—we gave ground,
When on that side the single Combat was,
There appear'd a body of two thousand Horse,
Led by a man whose looks brought Victory,
And made the conquering Foe retire again:
But when he did perceive the King engag'd,
With unresisted fury he made up,
And rushing in between them,
Gave the young Prince a blow upon his Head,
That struck him from his Horse.
After this Victory *Thersander*'s Name
Did fly from mouth to mouth,
Inspiring every *Scythian* with new valour:
He kill'd *Philemon*, and forc'd *Artabazes*
To seek his safety by his Horses flight:
—— But here's the King —— retire into this Wood. [Ura. *Exit.*

Enter King, Thersander, *Officers and Soldiers.*

King. Let me once more embrace my dear *Thersander.*

Amin. The Prince is wounded, Sir.

King. He is,—but they look lovely on him.

Thers. They're too slight marks to give you of my duty;
Your Majesty has greater need of care.

King. Thou art my best Physician, and thy sight
Heals all the wounds I have: come in with me,
And let me lay thee to my panting Bosom,
Thou great preserver of my Crown and Life.

Thers.

Therſ. I'll wait upon you, Sir. [*Exeunt all but* Therſ. *and* Amin.
Now let me take thee to my Arms, my Friend;
For thou art half my ſelf, my dear *Amintas*;
I have ſtrange news to tell thee ſince we parted,
And need thy counſel in an affair of love: ——
—Thou know'ſt my buſineſs to the *Dacian* Court,
Was to have ſet thee free; but oh my Friend!
In lieu of that, I've made my ſelf a Captive.

Amin. Your ſtory, Sir, I know, but heard withal,
The Princeſs did repay your grateful flame.

Therſ. I thought ſhe did: for ſo a while ſhe ſeem'd,
And when I thought my ſelf the moſt ſecure,
Being fortifi'd with all her new-made promiſes,
My blooming hopes were blaſted e'er full blown,
And I receiv'd her Orders for my baniſhment,
Which I as ſoon obey'd: but by the way
I did conceive a thouſand Revolutions,
Sometimes to ſerve my Princeſs,—then my Father;
Sometimes 'twas Nature got the upper hand,
And then again 'twas Love: in this diſpute
I met the Levies of the *Iſadons*,
Who were the laſt of all our Chavalry,
To whom I made me known, and came ſo luckily,
As gain'd the yet-diſputing Victory.

Amin. 'Twas in an happy moment.

Therſ. Thus I comply'd with what I ow'd my duty,
But theſe of Love are ſtill unſatisfi'd;
Dare I, who could offend to that degree
As to deſerve a baniſhment from her,
Approach her uninvited?

Amin. 'Twas dangerous, Sir.

Therſ. Then 'twere the fitter for my enterprize:
—But her diſpleaſure,——oh my *Cleomena*!
If, for the puniſhment of my diſobedience,
You'd only take away that life you threaten,
How willingly I would reſign it up,
Rather than undergo this ſeparation!

Amin. You'll certainly expoſe your life by going:
What other reaſon could ſhe have to baniſh you,
But from her knowledge that you were *Therſander*?
And, Sir, you ſee her paſſion for *Clemanthis*
Could not o'ercome her hatred for her Enemy,

Therſ. No, when I call to mind her cruel words;
If chuſing me before ſo many Kings,
I find 'twas the Stranger, not the *Scythian*,
She killingly addreſt 'em; therefore I'll venture on in my deſign;

—Give

—Give order that our Horses be made ready,
Whilst I excuse our absence to the King: our stay will not be long,
Mean time it may be thought
We're gone to view the Camp:
Interest and Love but rarely do agree,
Yet I must reconcile 'em both in me.

SCENE the Fourth. *The Dacian Tents.*

Enter Queen, Cleo. Hon. Arta. Ism. *Women, Attendants.*

Cleo. 'Twas strangely lost, and yet I dare affirm
The Victory had been ours but for *Therſander*,
Who like the impetuous Sea oppos'd by Land,
Made breaches and o'reflow'd all that lay near it.
Ism. I had reveng'd you on the King of *Scythia*,
Had his arrival not prevented me.
Cleo. He is brave, without diſpute.
Ism. And 'tis as certain that he did ſurprize me,
Without permitting time for my defence,
He had not elſe ſo ſoon diſmounted me;
But, Madam, I deſign (if you approve it)
To fight *Therſander* in a ſingle Combat.
Arta. That Juſtice I may hope as well as you;
He kill'd my Nephew, young *Philemon*,
For which I'll be reveng'd.
Queen. I cannot but commend that noble ardor
That carries you to thoſe deſigns of glory;
What thinks my Brother of it?
Hon. I like it, if the Victor will accept it.
Cleo. And ſo do I;
And that we may do equal Juſtice to you all,
We'll write *Therſander*'s name,
And he who draws that name ſhall fight the Combat.
Hon. But are you ſure he will accept the offer?
Iſm. I dare engage he will.
Cleo. I am of your opinion;
The only brave are never proud of Conqueſt.
I'll write his name my ſelf.

Enter Page.

Hon. What Shouts are theſe? [*A ſhout without.*
Page. Madam, *Clemanthis* is arriv'd.
Queen. The news is welcome.
Enter Therſ. *kneels, kiſſes the Queens hand; the ſame to* Cleomena.—*ſalutes all.*
Therſ. Madam, the great neceſſity which made me leave you ——

When

When I believ'd my ſelf unprofitable,
Could not detain me, when I was aſſur'd
My Sword could do you ſervice.
Queen. This viſit recompenſes all our loſs,
You've made it in a time you may redeem
The opinion your abſence almoſt forfeited.
Hon. Sir, I cou'd chide you too, but that your ſight
Changes my Anger into kinder Welcomes.
Therſ. I ought to ſuffer, Sir, in your opinion,
Till my excuſes may redeem my credit.
Cleo. How great at once, and innocent he ſeems,
And how his Eyes his paſt offence redeems!
Whilſt all my cruelties they ſeem t' upbraid,
They pardon too the faults themſelves have made.
Queen. I'm ſatisfi'd, and you are fitly come
To ſhare a danger we are now diſputing.
Therſ. 'Tis not the danger, Madam, can divert me
From enterprizing ought that is to ſerve you.
Arta. Madam, conſider who we are,
And ought not to be rank'd with one below us.
Therſ. Your honour, *Artabazes*, is too nice;
Would we could find in this diſpute, whate'er it be,
That were the greateſt difficulty:
—Madam, name your Commands.
Queen. We are drawing of a Lot
To fight *Therſander* in a ſingle Combat.
Therſ. Hah—*Therſander*, Madam, is a Conqueror.
Iſm. Since you're ſo nice, we will excuſe you, Sir.
Therſ. What an unlucky accident was this!
One moments longer ſtay had made me happy, [*Aſide.*
And rendred up theſe Rivals to my power.
Hon. Come, Sir, the Lots are ready. [*They draw Lots. It falls to* Therſ.
Therſ. My fears are all compleated, —— [*Aſide.*
The Lot is mine.
Cleo. Clemanthis, I'm ſo ſenſible of the danger [*Aſide to him.*
Whereto you muſt expoſe your ſelf for me,
I cannot think with pleaſure on the Victory
You poſſibly may gain.
Therſ. Encourag'd thus, I cannot fail of Conqueſt: [*Bows to her, and ſpeaks low;*
But, Madam, if *Therſander* be as nice [*Turns to the Queen.*
As theſe two Princes are, it will be hard
To get him to accept a Challange from me.
Cleo. Clemanthis deeds has rais'd his fame too high
To be eſteem'd unworthy of that Juſtice;
Nor can we find the *Scythian* Prince a Foe
More equal to his youth and valour too.

— Give order that our Horses be made ready,
Whilst I excuse our absence to the King: our stay will not be long,
Mean time it may be thought
We're gone to view the Camp:
Interest and Love but rarely do agree,
Yet I must reconcile 'em both in me.

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Made breaches and o'reflow'd all that lay near it.
Ism. I had reveng'd you on the King of *Scythia*,
Had his arrival not prevented me.
Cleo. He is brave, without dispute.
Ism. And 'tis as certain that he did surprize me,
Without permitting time for my defence,
He had not else so soon dismounted me;
But, Madam, I design (if you approve it)
To fight *Thersander* in a single Combat.
Arta. That Justice I may hope as well as you;
He kill'd my Nephew, young *Philemon*,
For which I'll be reveng'd.
Queen. I cannot but commend that noble ardor
That carries you to those designs of glory;
What thinks my Brother of it?
Hon. I like it, if the Victor will accept it.
Cleo. And so do I;
And that we may do equal Justice to you all,
We'll write *Thersander*'s name,
And he who draws that name shall fight the Combat.
Hon. But are you sure he will accept the offer?
Ism. I dare engage he will.
Cleo. I am of your opinion;
The only brave are never proud of Conquest.
I'll write his name my self.

Enter Page.

Hon. What Shouts are these? [*A shout without.*
Page. Madam, *Clemanthis* is arriv'd.
Queen. The news is welcome.
Enter Therс. *kneels, kisses the Queens hand; the same to* Cleomena.—*salutes all.*
Therс. Madam, the great necessity which made me leave you ——— I

When

When I believ'd my ſelf unprofitable,
Could not detain me, when I was aſſur'd
My Sword could do you ſervice.
Queen. This viſit recompenſes all our loſs,
You've made it in a time you may redeem
The opinion your abſence almoſt forfeited.
Hon. Sir, I cou'd chide you too, but that your ſight
Changes my Anger into kinder Welcomes.
Therſ. I ought to ſuffer, Sir, in your opinion,
Till my excuſes may redeem my credit.
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And how his Eyes his paſt offence redeems!
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They pardon too the faults themſelves have made.
Queen. I'm ſatisfi'd, and you are fitly come
To ſhare a danger we are now diſputing.
Therſ. 'Tis not the danger, Madam, can divert me
From enterprizing ought that is to ſerve you.
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And ought not to be rank'd with one below us.
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Would we could find in this diſpute, whate'er it be,
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To fight *Therſander* in a ſingle Combat.
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Iſm. Since you're ſo nice, we will excuſe you, Sir.
Therſ. What an unlucky accident was this!
One moments longer ſtay had made me happy, [*Aſide.*
And rendred up theſe Rivals to my power.
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Whereto you muſt expoſe your ſelf for me,
I cannot think with pleaſure on the Victory
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Therſ. Encourag'd thus, I cannot fail of Conqueſt: [*Bows to her, and ſpeaks low;*
But, Madam, if *Therſander* be as nice [*Turns to the Queen.*
As theſe two Princes are, it will be hard
To get him to accept a Challange from me.
Cleo. Clemanthis deeds has rais'd his fame too high
To be eſteem'd unworthy of that Juſtice;
Nor can we find the *Scythian* Prince a Foe
More equal to his youth and valour too.

Therſ. If Fortune bleſs me with ſucceſs to day,
I'll owe it to your Cauſe, and not my Sword.
Queen. May'ſt thou be ever Victor. [*They lead him out.*

Manent Arta. Iſm.

Arta. My Art ſhall fail me then.
Iſm. You are diſpleas'd, Sir.
Arta. Is that a wonder?
Who can be tame and ſee an unknown Youth,
Who brings no forces but his ſingle Arm,
Raviſh the hope and ſpoil of Victory from us,
And Rival us in Love as well as Glory,
Whilſt our Claims to *Cleomena*'s heart,
Muſt be neglected ſince we want ſucceſs.
Iſm. We could pretend to her no other way.
Arta. Have you, or I, leſs virtue than *Clemanthis*?
Iſm. Yes, if we envy at his merits.
Arta. Purſue your vertuous Road, and in the end
See whether you or I reaches firſt the Goal.
I'll take Revenge. [Arta. *exit.*
Iſm. I honour will purſue,
A Path which never led me to Repentance:
—*Clemanthis*, if thy life I baſely ſought,
Like him, I'd ſave the hazard of my own;
But as thou'rt brave, ſo thou ſhalt bravely fall
Before *Therſander* rob me of thy life,
Or thou the Fortune haſt to vanquiſh him———
—And if in this encounter I expire,
I do but fall a Victim to an hopeleſs Fire. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to the Wood, diſcovers Therſ. *and* Amin. *among the Trees, changing Clothes; after which they come forth.*

Therſ. So, now thou doſt appear ſo like *Clemanthis*,
That not a *Dacian* but will be miſtaken in thee.
Amin. My Lord, I know not how I may appear,
But I am ignorant how I am to act.
Therſ. Remain within the Covert of this Wood,
Untill the ſign be given for the Combat,
And then appear upon the place appointed,
Where I will meet and fight with thee;
But ſo I'll order all the blows I give,
They ſhall not wound nor hurt thee,
For ſtill remember I muſt be the Victor.
Amin. I will endeavour to perform it ſo, [*Noiſe.*
That none ſhall know the fallacy.
Therſ. Be gone, I hear a noiſe; farewel, dear *Aminta*,
Remember that you act *Clemanthis* well. [*Exit* Therſ.

Enter

Enter ſome Fellows in Cloaks.

1 *Fell.* That's he that goes into the Wood, I know him by his Plume; are ye all ready?

2 *Fell.* Yes, for a greater Murder than the killing of one ſingle man; and here's a place as fit as we could wiſh: ſhall we ſet upon him all together?

1 *Fell.* Ay, ay, neatneſs in this affair is not required; kill him and *Artabazes* deſires no more.

The Fellows go behind the Trees, they fight, Amintas *falls:*

Enter Iſmenis.

Iſm. Into this Wood he went, as if he knew my buſineſs;
Here we unſeen may end the difference —— [*Noiſe within.*
——Hark——what noiſe of fighting's that?
Perhaps my aid's required.

Iſm. *goes in, Scene draws open, diſcovers* Amintas *lying as dead all bloody,* Pimante *peeping,* Iſmenis *re-enters.*

Iſm. It is *Clemanthis*, and this barbarous deed
Is done by *Artabazes*.

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Had ever Cavalier ſuch damn'd luck? I have heard it diſputed, that this ſame danger was to be courted by the Brave and Bold; but I, who took the beſt care I could whilſt the fight laſted to ſecure my ſelf by this retreat, find my ſelf even here ſurrounded with it; and poor *Clemanthis*, who, I'll warrant, came too with my deſign, has met here what he endeavour'd to ſhun: yonder's *Iſmenis* too—well, we are all but men.

Iſm. Here's yet ſome breath remaining, oh *Pimante* lend thy aſſiſtance.
—*Clemanthis*, If thou yet haſt ſo much ſenſe,
Inform us how thou cam'ſt thus wounded?

Amin. Know Sir, *Therſander*——Prince of *Scythia*——
—*Therſander*—Prince of—*Scythia*—— [*Faints.*

Pim. Alas, he's dead, Sir, trouble him no further.

Iſm. The Prince of *Scythia* do this!

Pim. Ay, ay, this mighty Prince, fearing to encounter a ſingle man, has ſet a dozen to kill him; mercy upon us, 'twas a bloody fight: but, Sir, what ſhall we do with the Body?

Iſm. If I could command thee any thing, it ſhould be Silence,
Till I have met *Therſander* in his room. [Iſm. *exit.*

Pim. You ſhall command me, though I was never good at ſecrets.

Enter Cleomena, Semiris.

Cleo. Let the Coach wait at the entrance of the Wood:
I find I am a perfect Woman now,
And have my fears, and fits of Cowardiſe.

Sem. Madam will you not ſee the Combat then?

Cleo. I dare not, ſomething here aſſures me
Clemanthis, will be conquered.

Pim. Ha! the Princeſs here? on my Conſcience there was never miſchief but a Woman was at one hand on't.

Sem. How now, *Pimante*, why do you look so scurvily?
Pim. Ah, Madam, such a sight so dismal and bloody!
Cleo. What says he?
Pim. *Clemanthis*, Madam ———
Cleo. *Clemanthis*! oh what of him?
Why my prophetick heart dost thou betray me?
Sem. For Heavens sake, Madam, reassume your Courage.
Cleo. Yes — I will hear —— the fatal story —— out.
Pim. Truth is, Madam, to retire from the noise and fury of the Battel, I came into this Wood, and when I thought all danger past, I heard even here the noise of Swords and fighting; which endeavouring to avoid, I fell almost into the danger of them.
Sem. Leave out the History of your own Fears, and come to the business.
Pim. But ah, Madam, unseen I saw: who did I see ———
Ah, who should I see but *Clemanthis*, Madam;
Fixt with his back against yon Cypress-tree,
Defending himself against a dozen Murderers.
I was, alas, too weak to take the weaker side,
And therefore came not forth to his assistance.
Prince *Ismenis* would have taken his part, but came too late too;
But e'er he died we begg'd to know his Murderers,
And he could answer nothing but—*Thersander*.
Cleo. Remove me to the Body of my Love— [*They lead her to* Amin. *who lies wounded: she gazes on him a while, his Face being all bloody.*
—I will not now deplore as Women use,
But call up all my Vengeance to my aid.
Expect not so much imbecility ———
From her whose Love nor Courage was made known
Sufficiently to thee, oh my *Clemanthis!*
I would not now survive thee,
Were it not weak and cowardly to die,
And leave thee unreveng'd:
—Be calm, my Eyes, and let my Soul supply ye;
A silent broken Heart must be his Sacrifice:
Sorry indifferent sorrow claims our Tears,
Mine do require Blood, and 'tis with that
These must be washt away ——— [*Rises, wipes her Eyes.*
Whatever I design to execute,
Pimante, and *Semiris*, I conjure ye,
Go not about to hinder, but be silent,
Or I will send this Dagger to my Heart,
Remove the Body further into th' Wood,
And strip it of these glittering Ornaments;
And let me personate this dear dead Prince:
Obey, and dress me streight, without reply.
There is not far from hence a *Druids* Cell,
A man for Piety and knowledge famous,
Thither convey the breathless Sacred Corps,
Laid gently in my Chariot,

There

There to be kept conceal'd till further Orders.
Sem. Ah, Madam, what is't you intend to do?
Cleo. What should I do but die—ah do not weep,
But haste to do as I commanded ye:
Haste, haste, the time and my revenge requires it.
Sem. For Heavens sake, Madam, for your Royal self,
Do not pursue this cruel fatal Enterprize;
Pity the Queen, your Servants, and all Mankind.
Cleo. Away thou feeble thing that never knewst the real joys of Love,
Or ever heard of any grief like mine;
If thou would'st give me proofs of thy esteem,
Forget all Words, all Language, but Revenge!
Let me not see so much of Woman in thee
To shed one Tear, but dress thy Eyes with fierceness,
And send me forth to meet my Love, as gay,
As if intended for my nuptial day.
That Soul sighs in pity of my Fate,
Shall meet returns of my extreamest hate:
Pity with my Revenge must find no room!
I'll bury all but rage within thy Tomb. [*Exeunt.*

ACT, the Fourth.

SCENE the First. *A Flat-wood.*

Enter Cleomena *dress't in* Clemanthis's *Clothes*, Semiris *bearing the Cap and Feather*, Pimante *the Sword.*

Cleo. COme, my *Semiris*, you must assist a little,
—And you, *Pimante*, buckle on my Sword.
Pim. I never parted with a Sword so unwillingly in my life.
Cleo. So—How dost thou like me now?
Might I not pass, thus habited, for *Clemanthis*?
Pim. Yes, Madam, till you come to the fighting part.
Cleo. Now go, and do as I have ordered you.
Sem. Ah, Madam, though I must not wait on you to fight,
I will in death, 'tis my first act, and last of disobedience. (*Weeps.*
Cleo. Do not disturb me with thy grief, *Semiris*:
Go, leave me to my self, and thoughts of Vengeance:
And thou, base Traitor-Prince, shalt buy thy Life
At such a rate shall ruin thee for ever;
And if I fall—as I believe I shall——

The very shame to know I am a Woman,
Shall make thee curse thy Fortune and thy Arms,
If thou hast any sense of manhood left,
After the barbarous murder thou hast done:
But if my better Fortune guide my Arm,
This Arm (whom Love direct) to meet thy Heart,
Then I shall die with real satisfaction:
The time draws on when I should try my Fate;
Assist me mighty Love in my design,
That I may prove no passion equals mine.

Sem. Madam, consider whom you must encounter.

Cleo. Consider thou who's dead, the brave *Clemanthis*! [*Weeps.*
Oh 'tis a shame to weep being thus attir'd,
Let me once more survey my self ——
And yet I need not borrow resolution:
Clemanthis, thou art murder'd, that's the word,
'Tis that creates me man, and valiant too,
And all incensed Love can prompt me to:
Hark—hark—the joyful Summons to my Death. [*Trumpets sound.*
Go, leave me to approach it solemnly ——
Come, my dear Sword, from thee I must expect
That service which my Arm may fail to affect;
And if thou ever didst thy Master love,
Be sure each stroke thou mak'st may mortal prove. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE the Second.

After a noise of Trumpets at some distance and fighting—the Scene draws, and discovers Cleomena *and* Therſander *fighting.* Lysander. *On one side stands the King of* Scythia *with his party: On the other, the Queen of* Dacia, Hon. Artabazes, *and her party;* Vallentio.

Therſ. What mak'st thou to fight as if indeed thou wert *Clemanthis*?
But since thou art not him thou represent'st,
Whoe'er thou be'st 'twas indiscreetly done,
To draw me from an order might have sav'd thee:
——Who is't that dares assume *Clemanthis* shape? [*They fight:*

Cleo. Unworthy *Scythian*, whose reported Valour Cleo *falls: he stoops*
Unjustly was admir'd, cou'dst thou believe the covert of the Wood *to look on her.*
Cou'd hide thy Treason—*Treason which thou durst own too?* [*A cry of Joy on the*

Therſ. Ah! *Cleomena*, is it you? *Scythians side.*
What have I done that could so far transport you?
Clemanthis boldness has incur'd your hate,
But he has been severely punisht for't;
And here in lieu of that unhappy stranger,

Receive

Receive *Therſander* with his equal Paſſions,
But not his equal Crimes.
Cleo. Oh Villain, ſince thou'ſt puniſht *Clemanthis*,
Puniſh the unhappy *Cleomena* too,
And take her life who came to have taken thine.
Queen. 'Tis not *Clemanthis*, but my *Cleomena*——
With whom *Therſander* fights—— ah cruel Child! [*They carry her off.*
Therſ Oh whither, whither do you bear my Goddeſs?
Return, and here reſign your ſacred load.
That whilſt 't has life it may behold the Sacrifice
That I will make of this wild wretched man
That has ſo much offended—diſobey'd.
—My Arms, my Arms, *Lyſander* mount me ſtraight,
And let me force the diſobedient Troops;
Thoſe Coward Slaves that could behold her bleed,
And not revenge her on the Murderer:
Quickly my Arms, kill, burn, and ſcatter all;
Whilſt 'midſt the ruins of the world I fall. [*The* Scythian *Guards* o/

Enter Iſmenes *with his Sword. They all deſcend.*
Iſm. Still thus defeated and outſtript by Fate,
Reſolv'd betimes, but ſallied out too late;
Fortune and Love are equally unkind:
—— Who can reſiſt thoſe mighty Powers combin'd?

SCENE the Third. *A Priſon.*

Enter Orſames, Geron.

Ger. May I not know what 'tis afflicts you ſo?
You were not wont to hide your Soul from me.
Orſ. Nor wou'd I now, knew I but how to tell thee;
Oh *Geron*, thou haſt hitherto ſo frighted me
With thoughts of Death, by ſtories which thou tell'ſt
Of future puniſhments i'th' other world,
That now I find thou'ſt brought me to endure
Thoſe ills from Heaven thou ſay'ſt our ſins procure:
There's not a little God of all the number
That does not exerciſe his arts on me,
And practiſe power, which by my ſuffering
He grows more mighty in—I'll not endure it.
Ger. Why not, as well as I?
Orſ. Thou maiſt do what thou wilt; but there's a difference
(As vaſt as 'twixt the Sun and leſſer lights)
Between thy Soul and mine:
Thou canſt contented ſit whole days together,
And entertain thy Lute, that dull Companion,

T

Till dulier sleep does silence it and thee;
But I, whose active Soul despise that drouzy God,
Can even dare him in his height of power,
Then when he ties thee to thy lazy Couch,
Where thou'rt so far from sense, thou'st lost thy Soul;
Even then, my *Geron*, my divertive Fancy
Possesses me, beyond thy waking thought——
But, *Geron*, all was but an airy Dream;
I wak'd, and found my self a thing like thee.

Ger. What was your Dream?

Ors. Why, I will try to tell it thee——
——Methought I saw the Firmament divide,
And all the Clouds, like Curtains draw aside:
The Sun in all his glory, ne'er put on
So bright a Ray, nor Heaven with more lustre shon!
The Face of Heaven, too bright for mortal Eye
Appear'd, and none durst gaze upon't but I:
In *Jove*'s illustrious Throne I only sate,
Whilst all the lesser Gods did round me wait:
My Habit, such as cannot be expres't;
Iris in all her various Colours dress't,
The Morning-sun, nor Sun-declining Sky,
Was half so beautiful, so gay, as I.
The brightest Stars in all Heavens Canopie
Were chosen out to make a Crown for me;
With which, methought, they glorifi'd my brow,
And in my hand they plac'd the Thunder too:
The World was mine, and thousands such as thou
Still as I mov'd low to the Earth did bow;
Like thronging Curls upon the wanton Sea,
They strove, and were as numerous as they:
Thither I soon descended in a Cloud,
But in the midst of the adoring Crowd,
Almighty Woman at my feet did bow.
Adorn'd with beauties more than Heaven can show.
But one among the rest (for there were store)
Whilst all did me, I did that one adore;
She did unking me, and her wondrous Eyes,
Did all my Power and Thunder too despise:
Her Smiles could calm me, and her Looks were Law;
And when she frown'd, she kept my Soul in awe.
Oh, *Geron*, while I strive to tell you the rest,
I feel so strange a passion in my breast,
That though I only do relate a Dream,
My torments here would make it real seem.

Ger. 'Tis lucky that he takes it for a Dream.

——Pray

—Pray do not form Idea's in your fancy,
And suffer them to discompose your thoughts.
Orf. In spight of your Philosophy, they make
A strange impression on me.
Ger. That's perfect madness, Sir.
Orf. *Geron*, I will no longer be impos'd upon,
But follow all the dictates of my Reason.
— Come, tell me, for thou hast not done so yet,
How Nature made us? By what strange devices:
Tell me where 'twas you lighted one me first?
And how I came into thy dull possession?
Thou sayst we are not born immortal;
And I remember thou wert still as now,
When I could hardly call upon thy Name,
But as thou would'st instruct my lisping Tongue;
And when I ask'd thee who instructed thee,
Thou'st sigh, and say a man, out-worn by Age,
And now laid in Earth — But tell me, *Geron*,
When time has wasted thee, for thou art decaying,
Where shall I find some new-made work of nature,
To teach those precepts to, I've learnt of thee?
———Why art thou silent now?
Ger. You ought not, Sir, to prie into the hidden secrets of the Gods.
Orf. Come, tell not me of Secrets, nor of Gods—
What is't thou studiest for, more new devices?
Out with 'em — this sulleness betrays thee;
And I have been too long impos'd upon.
I find my self enlightned on the sudden,
And ev'ry thing I see instructs my reason;
'T has been enslav'd by thee — come, out with it.
Ger. I dare not, Sir.
Orf. Who is't thou fear'st?
Ger. The anger of the Gods,
Who will not have their high Decrees reveal'd,
'Till they themselves unfold 'em in their Oracles.
Orf. What are those Oracles?
Ger. Heavenly Voices, Sir, that expound what's writ
In the Eternal Book of Destiny.
Orf. I'll know what's writ in that eternal Book,
Or let thee know what it contains of thee.
Ger. What will you do?
Orf. Throw thee into thee Sea; by *Jupiter*, I will. [*Offers to take him up.*
Ger. Stay, *Orfames*———
——'Tis true, I have Commands from *Cleomenes*,
But yet the time is hardly ripe for the design.
Orf. Begin your story—or by Heaven———

Ger. I shall —— When you consider who I am,
With how much care and toil I've brought you up:
How I have made my aged Arms your Cradle.
And in my bosom lull'd you to your rest:
How when you wept, my tears kept time with yours,
And how your smiles would dry again those showers;
You will believe 'tis my concern for you,
And not your threats, makes me declare a truth.

Orf. Forward, my dearest *Geron*,
Whilst I as silent as a healthy sleep,
As growth of Flowers, or motion of the Air,
Attend each long'd-for Syllable thou breathest.

Ger. Be pleas'd to walk into the Garden, Sir,
And there I'll tell you wonders to ensue;
But first, great Sir, your Pardon for the past. [*kneels.*

Orf. I give it thee —— Gods, this is fine indeed!
Thy Language and thy Mean are altered;
Oh how my Souls enlarg'd already —— go, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Fourth. *The Scythian Tents.*

Enter Therſander, Lyſander.

Therf. Leave me, I will be calm,
For this same change of *Cleomena*'s habit,
Has but increas'd my love—and all my softness ——
'Twas in that habit I left *Amintas*;
Gods! has he betray'd me then?
No, I must not have so mean a thought of him;
'Tis certain that she knows I am *Therſander* ——
But if the bold *Clemanthis* be *Therſander*,
Son to the Enemy of *Cleomena*;
Yet still 'tis that *Clemanthis* that ador'd her,
And whom she once made happy with her love.
But I have wounded her, and here remains [*Draws his Sword.*
The marks of dishonour in her blood.
Oh cruel Instrument of my shameful Crime!
Must the first service thou hast rendred me
Prove to my Soul so fatal, that Sword I left *Amintas*?
You'd have deni'd obedience to this hand,
This sacrilegious hand drew it against her.

Enter King, Lyſander *ſolus.*

King How now *Therſander*, what still melancholy?
Upon the first appearance of your sadness,
I thought 't had been for fighting with a Woman;

But

But now I fear that could not be the cause,
Unless 'twere fortifi'd by stronger passions;
—'Tis not impossible, but when you saw
The Eyes of *Cleomena* in the Combat,
They might disarm your rage, and teach you love'
If this be all, I'll offer Peace in such a time
As they're not able to make War against us,
And with it Propositions of a Marriage.

Therf. Happy mistake! great Sir;
I'll not deny the Eyes of *Cleomena*
Have gave me wounds which nothing else can cure;
And in that moment when I would have kill'd her,
They staid my guilty hand, and overcame
The shameful Conqueror———
I'll say no more, nor give Laws to your bounty;
But if your Majesty approve my flame,
I shall receive her as the greatest Blessing
Heaven can bestow upon me.

King. I'm glad to find my Son of my opinion;
For I have already propos'd it to 'em,
Which I believe they will with Joy embrace.

Therf. All but the lovely Princess, whose aversion
Is still so great against our Family,
That I despair she ever will be drawn to't:

King. They'll hardly rally up their routed Forces
To make fresh War upon us: they're at our mercy now,
And as an honour will embrace the Alliance.

Therf. Pray Heaven they may.

King. If they refuse, I will recall my mercy,
And make them dearly buy their scorn:
Come, we expect our Herauld from their Tents. [*Exeu*

SCENE the Fifth.

Enter Queen, Cleomena *in a Night-Gown*, Semiris. *A Table with Pen and Ink.*

Cleo. Madam, I confess my self unworthy of your tenderness.

Queen. Ah, *Cleomena!* you value my repose at too cheap a rate,
When you expose a life so dear to me
To so much danger as to fight *Therfander*.

Cleo. I am not the first person of my Sex
Has drawn a Sword upon an Enemy:
Do you not say he is my Father's Murderer?
And does he not deprive me of that Crown
You say the Gods have destin'd me to wear?

Queen. 'Tis true, he's Son to him that kill'd thy Father;
But bating that, he has committed nothing
But what wou'd rather cause esteem than hate.
Cleo. Pardon me, Madam, if I am forc'd to say
My Sentiments cannot correspond with yours.
Queen. What think you of a Husband in this Prince?
Cleo. How, Madam, marry *Thersander*!
Queen. The King has generously offer'd it;
My Counsel do approve it, and the Army
Cannot contain their Joy for the blest news.
Cleo. Gods! let the Council and the Army perish,
E're I lose one single moment of my satisfaction:
Is this the hate which with my Milk you made me suck
For all that Rase? is this th' effects of my fierce Education?
Queen. All things must be prefer'd to th' Publick good,
When joyn'd with my Commands.
Cleo. What you command, I dare not disobey;
But, Madam, I beseech you, do not claim
That cruel duty here.
Queen. You'll find it fit to change that peevish humour,
And I will leave you to consider of it. [Queen *exit.*
Cleo. Gods! marry me, marry me to *Thersander*!
No, not whilst this—remains in my possession: [*Pulls out a Dagger.*
——I must confess it is a generous offer,
How came it in their Souls?
Sem. Madam, pehaps Love has inspir'd it.
Cleo. Hah, Love—— that miracle may be:
When I reflect upon the Prince his words,
When he had vanquish'd me—I do not doubt it:
Then he confess'd he had a passion for me;
I wonder at the sudden birth of it.
Sem. Madam, your Eyes make Captives at first sight.
Cleo. Oh my dear Eyes, how shall I love ye now,
For wounding more than my dull Sword could do?
'Twas Anger and Revenge that gave ye Charms,
Only to help the weakness of my Arms;
And when my Womans Courage feeble grew,
My heart did kindly send its aids to you.
And thou *Thersander*, surely canst not blame
My cruelty, who do allow thy Flame;
Love on, love on; and if thou dost despise
All other ways, I'll kill thee with my Eyes.
She sits down and writes. Enter a Page.
Page. Medam, there is without an Officer
Who bad me tell your Highness that he waits.
Cleo. Admit him——and Page, give you this Letter to the Queen.

Sem.

Sem. Madam, it is *Vallentio* whom you sent for.

Enter Vallentio.

Cleo. *Vallentio*, I believe thee brave and honest.

Vall. Madam, the last I dare affirm.

Cleo. Tell me, *Vallentio*, did'st thou ever love?

Vall. Madam, your Interest, my Arms, and a brave Enemy.

Cleo. But didst thou never feel a softer passion?

Vall. Madam, I own, though with a blush I do so,
I've felt the power of two fair Eyes,
And I have wounds that yet would bleed afresh,
Should but the cruel Murthereſs appear.

Cleo. Then thou art fit to hear a secret from me;
— But first, *Vallentio*, tell me whom I am?

Vall. My Princeſs, Madam, and my General;
And one, who from your power of Beauty holds
No less Dominion o're th' adoring world,
Than from the greatness you were born to.

Cleo. And you're contented I should be your Queen?

Vall. Madam, I am — *Pimante* has been prating. [*Aside.*

Cleo. The Army too are of your mind?

Vall. I cannot answer for the Army, Madam.

Cleo. But —— what think you of *Orsames*?

Vall. Madam, I think he merits to be King
In any other world but where you reign.

Cleo. And what if I would have him King of this?

Vall. Why then he shall be King, if you would have it so.

Cleo. Yes, I would have it, by my self I would;
This is the time to let the Monarch know
The glorys he was born to;
Nor can I die in peace till he be crown'd. [*Aside.*
I'll have this Nation happy in a Prince;
A Prince they long in silence have bemoan'd,
Which every slight occasion breaks out loud,
And soon will raise them up to a Rebellion;
The common peoples God on Holy-days:
— And this *Vallentio*, I have often observ'd;
And 'tis an act too humble for my Soul,
To court my self into security.

Sem. Madam, the Gods do disapprove his Reign,
Which they not only say shall be but short,
But bloody and Tyrannick.

Cleo. I will expound that Oracle
Which Priests unridling make more intricate:
They said that he should reign, and so he did,
Which lasted not above a pair of hours;
But I my self will be his Oracle now,

And speak his kinder fate,
And I will have no other Priest but thee, [*To* Vallentio.
Who shall unfold the Mystery in plain terms.
Vall. Madam, the City and the Army are by this defeat
Enough inclin'd to hear that reason.
Cleo. *Geron* already has instructions what to do,
And you need none, wanting no resolution.
Vall. If I miscarry, Madam, I'll be condemn'd
Never to look Foe i'th' face again.
Cleo. Haste, and be prosperous— [Vall. *ex.*
Semiris, are those Garments ready I spoke for?
Sem. Madam, they're here but now what will you do?
Cleo. Now, I will die— and now thou know'st my will.
Sem. Ah Madam, 'tis too much you let me know.
Denying me t' attend you where you go;
With such a Guide I cannot err.
Cleo. Alone I'll go the Journey is not far
In passing; tho' I miss the aids of Day,
Yet my *Clemanthis* lights me on my way:
Why dost thou weep? indeed thou art unkind.
Sem. I weep because you'd leave me here behind,
Doubting my love, I beg you won'd permit
That I might give you the last proof of it.
I in your last adventure was too slow,
And will not be deni'd my duty now.
Cleo. Thou show'st a Soul so generous and free,
That I'm contented thou shou'dst follow me;
Come, dry thy Eyes, such helps we do not need:
To ease our griefs, we must not weep but bleed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Vallentio *passing over the Stage, is met by a Rabble of Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Well Colonel, have you delivered our grievances to the Queen?
Vall. Yes, I have.
1 *Cit.* Well, and what success? shall we have a King?
Vall. And why a King? why should you be thus earnest for a King? what good will a King do you? he's but a single man, cannot redeem the lost Victory, cannot raise up your dead Members, no, nor levy new ones.
1 *Cit.* That's all one, Colonel, we will have a King: for look ye, Colonel, we have thought of a King, and therefore we will have one: hah Neighbours! a substantial Reason.
All. Ay, ay, a King, a King.
Vall. I like your Resolution, but not your Reason; and must have a better than that.
1 *Cit.* Sha, Sir, we can give you many, though that's sufficient; as look you, Sir, 'tis first a new thing to have a King—a thing—a thing — we have not been acquainted with in our Age: besides, we have lost the Victory, and we are very angry with some body, and must vent it somewhere; you know, Colonel, we have

buse

busie Heads, working Brains, which must be executed; therefore what say you, are we to have leave to shut up shop, and to go to work with long Staff and Bilbo, or are we to be very mutinous and do't in spight of you?

Vall. You shall not need; go, shut up your shops, gether your Fellow-mutineers together, and meet me at the Cittadel; but be sure you are well arm'd, lest the Queens Guards prevent you.

Cit. I warrant you for honest true hearts enough at any mischief, though not to go against the *Scythians*; for, Colonel, we love Civil Wars, Colonel, Civil Wars?

Vall. Make haste, and then I'll shew you my Orders for the King's Deliverance.

Cit. Oh incomparable Colonel! we will raise thy Statue in Brass in the Market-place, and worship it when we have done——but harkey, Colonel, are we to give no Quarter?

Vall. None to those that oppose you.

All. No, no, none, none.

Cit. O how this will please ye all, my Mates — [*Cit. goes out.*

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Oh Colonel, the Princess, Colonel.

Vall. Well, Sir.

Pim. She's fled away and none knows whither.

Vall. I left her in her Tent just now.

Pim. Ay, ay, Colonel, that's all one, she's gone just as she shou'd have been married too—there's the Devil on't! oh the days we should have seen! the dancing, loving days!

Vall. Gone alone?

Pim. No, no, that dissembling thing *Semiris* is with her; she only left a Letter for the Queen, which she has sent to the Prince of *Scythia*. Oh, adieu, adieu, to Love and Musick. [*Goes out crying.*

Vall. This is strange--if she be gone, 'tis time the King were free—I'll haste to meet the Rabble that it may not look like an act of my own. [*Exit.*

Scene Therſander's *Tent*: *He enters with a Letter in his hand open — with Attendants.*

Therſ. Be gone, I'll read the Letter o'er again,
And here impress thy cruelty, and see what that will do
To set me free.

Therſ. reads the Letter——

Finding it impossible to obey your unkind Commands, I am fled, and do resolve never to marry that Barbarian, *whose Crimes are only known to me: no, nor any other that cannot bring me his head; whereto I sollicite* Artabazes, *and* Ismenis *if they will obey,*——

Cleomena.

If I consult my Reason and my Courage, They

They say I should not love this cruel Maid;
But oh my Reason, you're too weak to counsel;
I'll think of nothing then but dying for her,
Since 'tis my life she asks, and here demands it;
But 'tis in vain to arm my happy Rivals,
For I my self can more devoutly serve you.
'Tis I will pierce this unaccepted Heart,
Whose flames are found so criminal——

Enter Lysander.

Ly. Sir, there is without a Youth that desires admittance.

Thers. From whom comes he?

Ly. He would not tell me that, but has a Letter,
Which he'll deliver only to your Highness.

Thers. Bring him in, it may be from *Amintas*.

Enter Cleomena *dress't like a Country-Shepherd, comes bowing to him, gives him a Note.*

Thers. reads to himself ——

Guard thee well, Thersander; *for thou shalt die by the hand that brings thee this.*

[*She stabs him: he falls into* Lysander's *Arms.*

Cleo. Here's to thee, dear *Clemanthis*——

Ly. Help, Treason, help. ——

Thers. Ah lovely Youth, who taught thee so much cruelty?
And why that Language with that angry blow?

Cleo. Behold this face and then inform thy self. [*Discovers her self.*

Thers. 'Tis *Cleomena*! oh ye Gods, I thank ye!
It is her hand that wounds me?
And I'll receive my death with perfect Joy,
If I may be permitted but to kiss
That blessed hand that sent it.

Enter King, *Guards.*

King. *Thersander* murther'd! oh inhumane deed!
Drag the Traytor to a Dungeon, till we have
Invented unheard-of Tortures to destroy him by—
My wounds are deep as thine, my dear *Thersander*;
Oh fatal day, wherein one fatal stroke
Has laid the hopes of *Scythia* in his Tomb!

[*The Guards seize* Cleo. *and* Sem. *who was just entring.*

[*The Guards go to carry* Cleo. *and* Sem. Thers. *calls 'em back.*

Thers. Oh stay, and do not bear so rudely off,
Treasures you cannot value.
—Sir,—do not treat her as my Murtherer,
But as my Soveraign Deity——
Instead of Fetters, give her Crowns and Scepters;
And let her be conducted into *Dacia*,
With all the Triumphs of a Conqueror.
For me, no other glory I desire,
Than at her feet thus willingly to expire.

[*Goes to throw himself at her feet, they prevent it, and go off.*

ACT

ACT the Fifth. SCENE the First.

A Council-Table: the King of Scythia *seated on a Throne, Officers, Attendants, and Guards.*

King. BRing the fair Prisoner forth, and let's examine
What Reasons could inspire her with this cruelty?
—How beautiful she is! [*Gazes on her.*

Enter Cleomena, *in Fetters,* Lysander *with the Guard.*

Cleo. Thy silence seems to license me to speak,
And tell thee, King, that now our faults are equal;
My Father thou hast kill'd, and I thy Son;
This will suffice to tell thee who I am:
—Now take my Life since I have taken his,
And thou shalt see I neither will implore
Thy needless Clemency by my word or sign:
But if my Birth or Sex can merit ought,
Suffer me not to languish any longer
Under these shameful Irons. [*With scorn.*

King. Cruel as Fair, 'tis with too much injustice
Thou sayst our Crimes are equal;
For thou hast kill'd a Prince that did adore thee;
And I depriv'd thy Father of his Life
When he assaulted mine in open field,
And so, as cannot leave a stain on thee,
Or give thee Cause to say I've done thee wrong.
But if I had, wherefore (oh cruel Maid)
Didst thou not spare that heart that di'd for thee,
And bend thy rage against thy Father's Foe?
But thou well knew'st in killing of *Thersander*,
The Fathers life would quickly follow after.

Cleo. I will not seek excuses for my actions,
But I protest to thee before the Gods,
It was not to revenge my self on thee
I kill'd thy Son;
But what he suffered was for his own sin,
For he has banisht from me all on earth
That could compleat my happiness— (*Weeps.*
——— And now dispose my destiny as you please,
Only remember that I am a Woman.

King. What thou hast said will find but little credit:
———But yet if *Thersander* lives;
And if it please the Gods to spare that life,

I ſhall have generoſity enough
To ſet thee free in favour of thy Sex
And my *Therſanders* Love.

Cleo. Not dead! why ſhould the Gods protect him?

King. Her Soul is poſſeſt with ſome deſpair:
Madam, I doubt you need not fear his Life,
He will obey and die as you deſire— [*Weeps.*
But not with ſatisfaction till he ſee you
Conducted into *Dacia*.
I ſhould not of my ſelf have been ſo generous
T' have given you freedom with the Life of him
Who did deſerve a kinder deſtiny;
But 'tis his Will,— and poſſible his laſt,
Therefore you're free, and may depart this Camp
Whene'er you pleaſe; only this favour grant,
(If an unhappy King may hope for any)
You'll ſuffer him to take his laſt farewel.

Cleo. Immortal Gods! how can it be? a man
Whoſe wickedneſs arm'd me againſt his Life,
Shou'd ſhew ſuch Virtue in the reſt of's Actions!
——— Sir, I will ſee the Prince,
Not as the price of what you offer'd me,
But that he may confeſs he did deſerve
A death leſs glorious than I have given him:
And I ſhall take it well if he will own
That which may juſtifie my offence to you.

King. Madam, I think you ———
— Diſmiſs her Fetters, and if ſhe pleaſe
Let her have Garments ſuitable to her Sex,
Only the Guards attend her at a diſtance. (*Go out ſeverally.*

SCENE the Second. *The Grove.*

Enter Amintas, *dreſt like a Sepherd*, Urania *like a Shepherdeſs*, *the Druid*, Lyces, *and other dancing Swains*, &c.

Druid. Sir, I'm afraid you made too bold a venture;
And though your wounds were more numerous than dangerous,
I am not willing you ſhould truſt 'em to the Air.

Amin. Father, your Skill has wrought a perfect Cure,
For which, the life you ſav'd you ſhall command.

Ura. Me too h' has cur'd of all my jealous fears,
By this eternal knot 'twixt thee, and me
Which he has tied, and Fate can ne'er undo:
— Father——to you I owe *Amintas* Liberty;

To

To you his Life: and now for all my joys,
Which if my future ſervice can repay,
Command with freedom her you have preſerv'd.
Amin. Come, dear *Urania*, let's haſten to the Camp;
For I impatient grow to ſee my Prince:
Heaven knows what my miſhap may have procur'd him.
Ura. How loth I am to leave theſe pretty Shades,
The Gods and Nature have deſign'd for love:
Oh, my *Amintas*, wou'd I were what I ſeem,
And thou ſome humble Villager hard by,
That knew no other pleaſure than to love,
To feed thy little Herd, to tune a Pipe,
To which the Nymphs ſhould liſten all the day;
We'd taſte the Waters of theſe Chryſtal Springs,
Which more delight then all delicious Wines;
And being weary, on a bed of Moſs,
Having no other Canopy but Trees,
We'd lay us down and tell a thouſand ſtories.
Amin. For ever ſo I'd be content to dwell;
I wou'd put off all frightful marks of War,
And wou'd appear as ſoft and calm to thee,
As are thy Eyes when ſilently they wound.
An Army I wou'd quit to lead thy Flock,
And more eſteem a Chaplet wreath'd by thee,
Than the victorious Lawrel:
——— But come, Love makes us idle.
Druid. My Prayers ever go along with you;
And your fair Bride, *Urania*, I could wiſh
My youth and vigour were as heretofore:
When only Courts and Camps could make me happy,
And then I wou'd not bid farewel ſo ſoon ———
To ſo much virtue as I've found in you.
Amin. I humbly thank you, Father, for a goodneſs
That ſhames my poor returns.
Come pretty *Lycés* and thou honeſt *Damon*,
With all the reſt of our kind train;
Let's haſten to the Camp, during this Truce
Your little Ruſtick ſports will find a welcome.
Ura. There are no Women in the Camp, my Lord.
Amin. No matter, thou canſt not hate a Soldier,
Since I am one: and you muſt be obedient,
And learn to bear my Bow and Arrows no,
It is the duty of a *Scythian* Wife.
Ura. She that can claim *Amintas* by ſuch ties,
May find a ſafety whereſoe'er ſhe flies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Third. *A Prison.*

Enter Orsames *joyfull, and* Geron.

Orſ. Am I indeed a King?
And is there ſuch a thing as fair *Olympia*?
Hadſt thou not been the firſt had told me this,
By Heaven thou'dſt di'd for thus concealing it;
Not all the obligations of my Youth
Should have preſerv'd thee.
Ger. Till now I wanted opportunity;
For had you known your quality before,
You wou'd have grown impatient of the Crown,
And by that haſte have overthrown your Intereſt.
Orſ. And canſt thou now provide againſt my ignorance!
Ger. Sir we have gain'd the Army on our ſide.
Orſ. What's that?
Ger. Thoſe numbers that I told you ſhould adore you.
Orſ. When ſhall I ſee them, *Geron*?
Ger. E're long, Sir: ſhould your deliverance
Be wrought by any other means than theirs,
It were to ſnatch a Glory from their hands
Which they deſign their only recompence.
Orſ. Oh how I am tranſported with the Joy!
But *Geron*, art thou ſure we do not dream?
Ger. Then life it ſelf's a Dream——
—Hark, I hear a noiſe —— [*Noiſe.*
Within. Kill the Dog —— down with him.
Orſ. Oh how I'm raviſht with this unknown noiſe!
Within. Break down the Priſon Walls and Gates, and force your paſſage—
Enter Vallentio, *followed by a Rabble of Citizens and Officers, tearing in the Keeper all bloody.*
Vall. No killing to day, my Fellow-ſoldiers, If you can help it; we will not ſtain our Triumphs in Blood— [*They all ſtand and gaze.* Orſ. *gazes on them.*
Ye Gods inſtruct me where to bow my knee ——
But this alone muſt be the Deity— [*Kneels,* Orſ. *lets him kneel, and gazes on him.*
1 *Cit.* Is that the King, Neighbour, in ſuch mean Clothes?
Gorel. Yes, goodman Fool, why ſhould the Colonel kneel elſe?
3 *Cit.* Oh pray Neighbour let me ſee a little, I never ſaw a King in all days of my life—Lord, Lord! is that he the Colonel kneels to?
Gorel. What Queſtions this ignorant fellow asks!
3 *Cit.* Good lack a day, 'tis as a man may ſay—'tis juſt ſuch another body as one of us, only he looks a little more terrably.
Ger. Sir, why do you let him kneel?
Orſ. Riſe, and let me look upon thee.

Vall

Val. Great Sir, we come to offer you a Crown,
That long has waited for this great ſupport:
It ought to have been preſented
In a more glorious order,
But time and your affairs permit not that.
A thouſand dangers wait upon delay;
But though the World be yours, it is not ſafe
Depending on a fickle multitude
Whom Intereſt and not Reaſon renders juſt.

Orſ. Thou art a wondrous man.

1 *Cit.* Good *Gorel*, ſtand back, and let me ſee a little: my Wife loves newalties abominationly, and I muſt tell her ſomething about the King.

Gorel. What a pox have we to with your Wife? ſtand back.

Val. Now daign, great Sir, to arm your hand with this— (*Gives* Orſ. *a*
Nay, view it well, for though it be but homely, *Sword, he gazes on it.*
It carries that about it can make the wearer proud;
—an edge—pray feel it, Sir—'t has dealt
Many a mortal wound———
See how it dares the Sun for brightneſs, Sir;
Or if there be a ſtain, it is an ornament
Di'd in the blood of thoſe that were your Enemies:
It never made a blow or thruſt in vain.
——— How do you like it, Sir?

Orſ. So well, I know not whither this or thee
Be moſt agreeable to me,
You need not teach me how I am to uſe it,
That I will leave for thoſe that dare offend me.
Look *Geron*, is it not a glorious object?
There's nothing but my bright *Olympia*'s eyes
That can out-glitter this.

1 *Cit.* Hah *Simon*, did he not talk bravely?

Val. Come, Sir, 'tis time you left this Dungeon for a Throne;
For now's the time to make the world your own.

All ſhouting.—Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy. [*Exeunt*

SCENE the Fourth. *A Tent.*

Enter Cleomena. *and* Semiris *dreſt as women again.*

Sem. Dear Madam, I could wiſh you'd ſleep a while.

Cleo. That peace I have not been acquainted with
Since my *Clemanthis* death;
Yet now methinks my Heart's more calm and ſtill,
And I perhaps may thus expire in ſilence———
—Prithee, *Semiris*, take thy Lute and ſing to't,
Whilſt I will try to ſleep—— [*Lies down on a Couch; Sem. plays and ſings*

SONG

SONG made by *J. Wright*, Eſq;

1.

Fair Nymph, remember all your ſcorn,
Will be by time repaid;
Thoſe Glories which that Face adorn,
And flouriſh as the riſing Morn,
Muſt one day ſet and fade.
Then all your cold diſdain for me,
Will but increaſe Deformity,
When ſtill the kind will lovely be.
Compaſſion is of laſting praiſe;
For that's the beauty ne'er decays.

2.

Fair Nymph, avoid thoſe ſtorms of Fate
Are to the cruel due,
The powers above, though ne're ſo late,
Can be, when they revenge your hate,
As pitileſs as you.
Know, charming Maid, the powers Divine
Did never ſuch ſoft Eyes deſign
To wound a heart ſo true as mine:
That God who my dear flame infus'd,
Will never ſee it thus abus'd.

Return, my dear *Clemanthis*, oh return, [Cleo. *riſes as in a Dream.*
And ſee 'tis not into thy lov'd boſom
That I have ſent my vengeance.
Sem. What mean you, Madam?
Cleo. But thou, poor Ghoſt ———
Inſtead of haſting me to my revenge,
Endeavour'ſt to touch me with Compaſſion.
Sem. Madam, who is't you follow thus and ſpeak to?
Cleo. Therſander, why doſt rob me of that face?
s't to diſarm me of my indignation?
Sem. Oh, Madam, what do you do?
Cleo. Ha! doſt thou ſee nothing?
Sem. Not any thing.
Cleo. Yonders the *Scythian* with *Clemanthis* Face,
)r elſe *Clemanthis* with *Therſander*'s Wound.
Sem. Compoſe your thoughts, dear Madam, 'twas a dream,
An idle dream, born from a troubled fancy:
——— How was it, Madam?
Cleo. Methought I ſaw *Clemanthis*,
When he was moſt Charming to my Soul,
But pale and languiſhing, having a Wound
Like that I gave his Murtherer:
To which with one of his hands he ſeem'd to point;
The other ſtretching out with paſſionate actions,
And gazing on me, —thus methought he ſpoke:
— See how you recompence my faithful ſufferings,
———See the performance of your promiſes;
Look on this wound which you have given my Heart,
That Heart that ſtill ador'd you
And yet you're not content with all theſe cruelties,
Though even in your anger and my death,
I ſtill continue faithful and ſubmiſſive.
—Thus ſpoke the lovely Phantome.

Enter

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Madam, there waits without a Servant to the Prince.

Cleo. He may come in — *Enter* Lyſander.

Lyſ. Madam, my dying Prince begs you may know
How willingly he does obey your will,
And dying ſtill implores you wou'd believe
He's guilty of no fault but having lov'd you,
For which preſumption he deſerves to die;
——— But 'tis not by your Dagger, but your Eyes:
That was too weak to exerciſe your will,
Your cruelty had power alone to kill;
And now one viſit from you he implores,
And after that he'll trouble you no more. [*Weeps.*

Cleo. That I will grant to ſatisfie the King.

Lyſ. When he is dead ———
He'll ſend the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to you,
Who ſhall upbraid you with your cruelty,
And let you ſee, in wounding of *Therſander*,
You've found the readieſt way to kill *Clemanthis*.

Cleo. What means he by theſe words?

Lyſ. He humbly begs you'll pardon the rough treatment
You've had among the *Scythians*,
Whoſe Crown, he ſays, *Clemanthis* promis'd you,
And he intreats you would accept from him.

Cleo. To ſend the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to me ———
How this agrees with my ſad dream!
How did thy Maſter know ———
Clemanthis promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia* ——— [*Advances towards Ly*
——— Sure I have ſeen that Face before ——— ſander, *and ſhe ſtarts*
— Art not *Lyſander*, Page to *Clemanthis*?

Lyſ. Madam, I am, and ever ſerv'd that Maſter.

Cleo. How couldſt thou then come near his Enemy?

Lyſ. Madam, it was by his command I came.

Cleo. How could *Clemanthis* love his Murtherer?
It is no wonder then that generous Spirit
Came while I ſlept, and pleaded for the Prince.

Lyſ. What means the Princeſs.

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Oh Madam, I have news to tell you that will
Make you forſwear ever fighting again.

Cleo. What mean you?

Pim. As I was paſſing through a Street of Tents,
I ſaw a wounded man ſtretcht on the ground;
And going, as others did, to learn his Fate,
I heard him ſay to thoſe that ſtrove to help him,
Alas, my Friends, your ſuccours are in vain;

For now I see the Gods will be reveng'd
For brave *Clemanthis* murther.
How! cri'd I out, Are you then one of those
Thersander sent to kill that Cavalier?
Thersander, cri'd he, had no hand in't;
But *Artabazes* set us on to kill him.
Here he began to faulter in his Speech:
And sure he spoke the truth; for 'twas his last.
Cleo. This looks like truth: *Thersander*'s every action
Declar'd too much of virtue and of honour,
To be the Author of so black a deed.
——— Tell him, I'll visit him, and beg his pardon. [*To* Lysand. *who bows and goes out.*
——— Generous *Thersander*, if this news be true,
My Eyes shall spare some drops for injuring you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Thersander's *Tent, he in a Night-gown sitting on a Couch: by him the King, Officers, Attendants to them. Enter* Cleomena, Semiris, Pimante, Lysander. *The King rises to meet* Cleo. *and seats her in a Chair by him.*

Cleo. Thersander, I am come to beg thy pardon,
If thou art innocent, as I must believe thee,
And here before the King to make confession
Of what I did refuse the Queen my Mother.
—Know then, I lov'd and with a perfect passion,
The most unfortunate of men, *Clemanthis*.
His Birth I never knew, but do believe
It was Illustrious, as were his actions;
But I have lost him by a fatal accident,
That very day he should have fought with you. [*Weeps.*
Therf. Gods! where will this end? [*Aside.*
Cleo. But e're the fatal moment of his death,
Ismenis beg'd to know who did the Murther,
But he could answer nothing but *Thersander*,
And we believ'd it you:
Then Love and my Revenge made me a Soldier;
—— You know the rest ——
And doubtless you've accus'd me with Ingratitude.
Therf. No, I shall ne'er complain of *Cleomena*, [*He kneels before her.*
If she still love *Clemanthis*.
Cleo. There needs no more to make me know that voice:
Oh stay, this Joy too suddenly surprizes—— [*Ready to swound.*
—Gently distil the bliss into my Soul,
Lest this excess have the effects of Grief:
—Oh, my *Clemanthis*! do I hold thee fast?
And do I find thee in the Prince of *Scythia*?
King. I lose my reason by this strange encounter!
Therf. Was't then a secret to my *Cleomena*,
That her *Clemanthis* was the Prince of *Scythia*?

I still believ'd that was his only Crime.
Cleo. By all my Joys I knew it not — but sure
This is Enchantment; for it is as certain
These Eyes beheld thee dead.
Pim. Ay, and so did I, I'll be sworn.
Therf. That must be poor *Amintas* in my Dress,
Whose story when you know, you will bemoan.
Cleo. But oh my life! the cruel wound I gave thee
Let me be well assur'd it is not mortal,
Or I am lost again.
King. The Surgeon gives me hopes, and 'twere convenient
You should forbid him not to speak too much — —
Enter a Soldier.
Sold. Arm, arm, great Sir, I think the Enemy
Is rallying afresh, for the Plain is cover'd with numerous Troops,
Which swiftly make this way.
King. They dare not break the Truce.
Sold. I know not, Sir, but something of a King I heard them talk of———
Clo. It is *Vallentio* that has kept his word———
Receive 'em, Sir, as Friends, not Enemies;
It is my Brother, who ne er knew till now
Ought of a peopled World.
King. I long to see that Monarch, whose friendship I must
Court for you, fair Princess:
If you'll accept *Therfander* whom I offer'd,
I do not doubt an happy Peace on both sides.
Cleo. Sir, 'tis an honour which we ought to sue for.
Therf. And 'tis to me a blessing — —
I wanted confidence to ask of Heaven.
Enter Orsames, Vallentio, Honorius, Artabazes, Ismenis, *Soldiers*, &c. Orsames *dress't gay with a Truncheon in his hand, advances first, is met by the King, who gaze on each other.*
Orf. If thou be'st he that art *Orsames* Enemy,
I do demand a Sister at thy hands.
King. Art thou *Orsames*?
Orf. So I am call'd by all that yet have view'd me:
——— Look on me well———
Dost see no marks of grandeur in my face?
Nothing that speaks me King?
King. I do believe thou art that King, and here [*Gives him* Cleomena.
I do resign that Sister thou demandest.
Orf. It is a Woman too! another Woman!
I wou'd embrace thee if I durst approach thee.
Cleo. You need not fear, you may embrace your Sister— [Cleo. *Embraces him.*
Orf. This is the kindest woman I e'er saw.
Cleo. Brother behold this King no more your Enemy,

since I must pay him duty as a Father.

Enter Queen, Olympia, *Women.*

Orf. Hah, *Olympia*! sure 'tis an Airy vision——

Ger. Approach her, Sir, and try.

Queen. Permit a wretched Mother here to kneel.

King. Rise, Madam, and receive me as your Friend;
This pair of Lovers has united all our interests. [*Points to* Cleo. *and* Therf.

Queen. Heavens! what's this I see, *Clemanthis*
And the Prince of *Scythia*?

Therf. Yes, Madam, and a man that humbly begs
The happy Title of your Son——*Honorius*,
Of you I ask the greatest pardon—— [*Talks to* Olympia.

Orf. I am a King and do adore thee too,
And thou shalt rule a World with me my fair;
A Sword I'll give thee, with a painted Bow,
Whence thou shalt shoot a thousand gilded Arrows.

Olym. What to do, Sir?

Orf. To save the expence of Cruelty;
For they will kill as sure, but rightly aim'd:
This noble Fellow told me so. [*To* Vall.

Olym. Sir, I'll do any thing that you will have me:
But now the Queen your Mother, Sir, expects you.

Orf. Instruct my Eyes, *Olympia*; for 'tis lately
I've learnt of some such thing.

Olym. This, Sir, — you ought to kneel to her.

Orf. Must I then kneel to ought but Heaven and thee?

Queen. My dear *Orsames*, let my Tears make way. [*Kneels.*
Before I can assure thee of my Joy.

Orf. Gods! how obliging is this kind concern!
Nor all my passion for my fair *Olympia*
Cou'd ever yet betray me to a Tear. [*Weeps.*

Queen. Thou'st greater need of Anger than of Tears,
Having before thy Eyes thy worst of Enemies,
One that has long depriv'd thee of a Crown,
Through what she thought her duty to the Gods;
But now repents her superstitious errour,
And humbly begs thy pardon.

Orf. I will, if you'll implore *Olympia* but to love me.

Queen. I will, my *Orsames*; and 'tis the only present
I can make to expiate my fault.

Orf. And I'll receive her as the only thing
Can make me both a happy Subject and a King.
Oh *Geron*, still if this should prove a dream!

Ger. Sir, Dreams of Kings are much less pleasant.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Sir, there are without some Shepherdesses

Who

Who say they wou'd present you
Something that will not be unwelcome to your Highness. [*To* Ther
Therf. Let them come in ——
They seat themselves. Enter Amintas, Urania *maskt*, *Shepherds*, *Shepherdesses*, *fo*
lowed with Pipes or Wind-Musick. They dance; after which Amin. *kneels to th*
Prince, Ura, *to the Princess.*
—My dear *Amintas*, do I find thee live!
Fortune requites my sufferings
With too large a share of happiness.
Amin. Sir, I do live to die again for you.
Therf. This, my Divine, was he who had [*To* Cleo.
The glory to be bewail'd by you; for him you wept,
For him had almost dy'd.
Amin. That Balm it was, that like the Weapon-salve
Heals at a distance——
Cleo. But why *Amintas*, did you name *Therſander*
When you were askt who wounded you?
Amin. Madam, if loss of Blood had given me leave,
I wou'd have told him how I came so habited,
And who I was, though not how I was wounded.
King. Still I am in a mist, and cannot see the happy path I tread.
Therf. Anon we will explain the mystery, Sir.
Hon. Now, great *Orsames*, 'tis but just and fit
That you receive the Rites of Coronation,
Which is not to be paid you in a Camp;
The Court will add more to that joyfull day.
King. And there we'll joyn our Souls as well as Swords,
Our Interests as our Families.
Orſ. I am content that thou should'st give me Laws:
Come, my *Vallentio*, it shall ne'er be said
I recompense thy services
With any thing less gratefull than a Woman:
—— Here, I will chuse for thee——
And when I know what 'tis I more can do,
If there be ought beyond this gift, 'tis thine. [*Gives him* Se
Therf. *Scythia* and *Dacia* now united are:
The God of Love o'ercomes the God of War.

After a Dance of Shepherds, and Shepherdesses, the Epilogue *is spoken by Mrs.* Barry, *a*
Nymph; at his R. H. second exile into Flanders.

EPILOGUE.

After our showing Play of mighty Pains,
We here present you humble Nymphs and Swains.
Our Rustick Sports sometimes may Princes please,
And Courts do oft divert in Cottages,
And prize the Joys with some young Rural Maid,
On beds of Grass, beneath a lovely Shade,
'Bove all the Pride of City-Silts, whose Arts
Are more to gain your Purses than your Hearts:
Whose chiefest Beauty lies in being fine;
And Coyness is not Virtue, but Design.
We use no colours to adorn the face,
No artful Looks, nor no affected Grace.
The neighbouring Stream serves for a Looking-glass.
Ambition is not known within our Groves;
Here's no disputes for Empire, but for Loves:
The humble Swain his birth-right here enjoys,
And fears no danger from the publick Voice.
No wrong nor insolence from busie Powers:
No Rivals here for Crowns, but those of Flowers:
His Country and his Flocks enjoys with ease,
Ranges his native Fields and Groves in Peace:
Not forc'd by Arbitary Votes to fly
To Foreign Shores for his security.
Our humble Tributes uncompell'd we pay,
And cheerfull homage to the Lord of May:
No emulation breaks his soft repose;
Nor do his Wreaths nor Virtues gain him Foes:
No politick mischiefs can disturb his Reign,
And malice wou'd be busie here in vain.
Fathers and Sons just Love and Duty pay;
This knows to be indulgent, that t' obey.
Here's no sedition hatcht, no other Plots,
But to entrap the Wolf that steals our Flocks.
Who then wou'd be a King, gay Crowns to wear,
Restless his nights, thoughtful his days with care;
Whose greatness, nor whose goodness can secure
From outrages which Knaves and Fools procure?
Greatness, be gone, we banish you from hence,
The noblest state is lowly Innocence.
Here honest Wit and Mirth in Triumph reigns,
Musick and Love shall ever bless our Swains,
And keep the Golden Age within our Woods and Plains.

FINIS.